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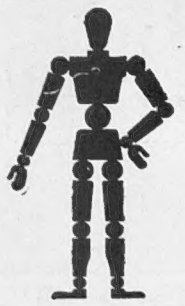

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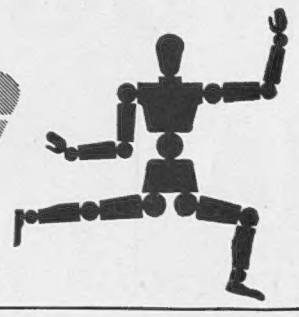

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* * *

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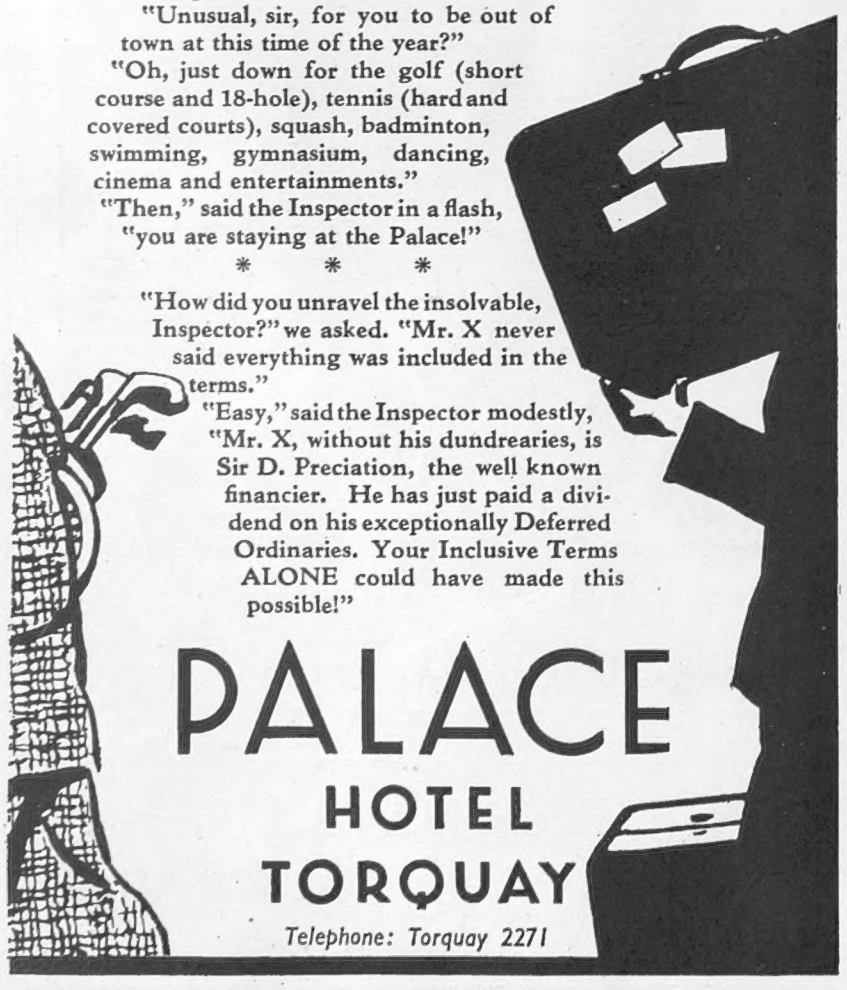

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, February 4, 1939

FLIGHT—

A Young Barcelona Refugee Pictured as She Was About to Leave the City on the Approach of the Victorious Insurgent Army

After close on five weeks of almost uninterrupted fighting, during which the Spanish Government forces, suffering from scarcity of food and handicapped through lack of arms, doggedly strove to stem the tide, General Franco's victorious army reached the gates of Barcelona on Thursday, January 26, and that evening they entered without further bloodshed the great stronghold of Republican Catalonia, thus bringing the civil war in the peninsula measurably nearer its end. Meanwhile, 200,000 citizens, fearful of the new regime, fled northwards towards Gerona, Figueras, and the Pyrenean border, mingling with the routed troops and clogging the roads. The situation of the refugees has been pitiful in the extreme and the little girl who forms the subject of this frontispiece epitomises their plight. Hungry and cold, the homeless Catalonians have struggled over the wind-swept passes into France, descending in vast hordes upon Le Perthus, Cerbere, Bourg-Madame and other frontier towns where the French authorities have done everything possible for their welfare. At the same time, in the newly conquered area the insurgents have been rapidly consolidating their position. Food has been rushed from other parts of Spain and Barcelona's essential services are once again being put into operation. It was stated this week that Franco might move his administration to the city

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

EVE ON THE LAND: This harvest picture by Ugo Matania calls to mind how women helped to keep agriculture going in 1914–18 while their menfolk were at the front. In the event of another emergency similar conditions will prevail, and in the National Service Handbook, which has just been issued throughout Britain, people are asked to enrol in the Women's Land Army which, the book states, "will be a mobile force consisting of women who are ready to undertake all kinds of farm work in any part of the country. The members will wear uniform, although they will normally be employed and paid by individual farmers. Officials of the Women's Land Army will supervise lodging arrangements and general welfare"

NATIONAL SERVICE

THE GOVERNMENT'S MAMMOTH PUBLISHING EFFORT: The cover of the National Service Handbook which was issued last week to householders throughout the country and sets out the various ways in which people can prepare to make themselves useful in time of emergency. The guide, it is revealed, is the work of none other than Mr. Humbert Wolfe, who, besides being a poet of distinction, is Deputy Secretary at the Ministry of Labour

WHAT WOMEN CAN AND DID DO: A war worker operating a vertical drilling mac during the great war when women, who a few years before had been clamo violently for the vote, forgot their grieva and helped notably in the task of ke industry going. If ever there shoul another war their contribution would d less be on an even bigger scale than in the

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C. 4
Wednesday, February 1, 1939.

THE PREMIER AT HIS BEST.

—Birmingham deserved to be honoured by the Premier at his best. He never made a finer speech and it is natural that he should reserve that best for the great city that is the cradle of Chamberlains, their nurse and their staunchest supporter. It was indeed a grand speech. There was a new strength not only in his voice but in his convictions. He said the things we have wanted him to say in the way we wished them said. He was less delphic about the things that have so puzzled us at home, A.R.P. methods and defence questions. This time, though he only once mentioned Germany, it was to Germany he addressed himself while he devoted himself to holding out the hand of friendship to Italy and Mussolini. To the German *people*, too, he held out his hand; from its leaders this time he very clearly invited that gesture of appeasement which since Munich he has looked for so confidently. Hitler in his own way responded to that hint, on Monday. The speech, in its restrained, calm style, rose to great heights of rhetoric once or twice, as in the reference to Pitt. It made clear to me much that has puzzled me since Munich. Only one puzzle remains—that anti-war pact signed after Munich with Hitler! The day following its signature Mr. Chamberlain returned home to launch an intensive campaign (which long hung fire) to make Britain strong against air attack. Germany is the only possible enemy from the air whom we can fear to-day and Mr. Chamberlain carried in his pocket a solemn pact signed by Hitler pledging his country never to resort to war with Britain. And the Premier valued that pact.

THE JITTERBUGS.

—"Let them ponder who go about the world with white faces and trembling lips asking . . . which day of the week . . . the World War is going to begin?" Sir Samuel Hoare's gentle and refined voice is not perhaps fitted well for the rousing speech. He is not cut out for Henry V. Many of us, he declared, are showing cowardice in the face of the world and our potential enemies. "Name the dog, sir," as the squire said in *Treasure Island*. Where are these cowards and panic-mongers? They do not live in *our* village. I have not met the smallest sign of panic or panic-mongering within a five-mile radius of my home. Doubt, confusion, a longing for leadership and guidance, yes; a willingness to serve and help that finds no outlet and no directing force. But neither fear nor panic nor even apprehension. Who were the jitterbugs? Above all, the Ministers of State, of whom half cried "War" to stimulate A.R.P. and recruiting, and half cried "Jitterbug" to stimulate trade and pander to their own doubts and fears. And who is the arch-jitter-maker? None other than the B.B.C. There, in the 9 o'clock news bulletin, night after night, are the "trembling lips" which catalogue a ceaseless stream of warnings, of disasters, of provocative utterances by foreign gutterpress urchins, reports of spoken and written hate, rumours of mobilisations, of murder and sudden death and crises to come, without one relieving item of constructive work done, of comfort or hope. There is the voice to which our Government might give a direct hint, if it may not control it. The B.B.C. has taken as its motto: "All the bad news that is fit to print."

PARLIAMENT AGAIN.—

Parliament has reassembled after the Christmas recess. (Christmas! What worlds away it seems. What oceans of water seem to have run since December under the bridges.) Twice during the recess Mr. Attlee asked the Prime Minister to recall Parliament to discuss affairs in Spain, judging that that centre of trouble was again in a critical pass. To-day the Spanish war appears, with much more colour, to have entered on its last and most dangerous phase. Fear of what may now come has produced of late a very marked panic on the exchanges, and a general impression was created and freely voiced that Hitler was on the move again. The Reichstag opened the day before the British Parliament, and even now Parliament is discussing the implications of the Führer's reasonably pacific speech. For the rest the Palestine Conference is assembled and A.R.P. has leisurely advanced to the pamphlet and questionnaire stage, while the gentle voices of the perfect democratic statesmen and gentlemen have politely suggested to that poor, puzzled, willing ass, John Citizen, that somehow or other it's up to him. Nothing rough, like the inefficient cavalry troop leader's "Sort yourselves, you ——," but "Gentlemen, save yourselves if you can." There will be lots of talk on Spain, and A.R.P., on Palestine, and Hitler. The inquisitive Mr. Mander *et hoc genus* will be restored to new vigour by their holidays, and the keen race for the Blue Ribbon of question-posing will begin again. Why do our hearts sink? Why has our respect for Parliament fallen a little? I am sure it is the bitter experience of the pre-Christmas session, during which a dozen mediocrities in Parliament, without the brains necessary for constructive intervention in debate, badgered and embarrassed ministers with awkward questions (instantly magnified into official insults in German and Italian papers), partly to score a party point, more obviously to make their active presence in Parliament known to their own constituents. It is one of the sorriest aspects of a great institution which sometimes falls from its high and dignified state.

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS.

—Sir Stafford Cripps was last week expelled from the Labour Party as a result of his circulation of a manifesto on the Popular Front after it had been rejected by the Executive Committee of which he is a member. Bristol East, his constituency, has supported his actions in so far as a resolution to that effect by his division's Labour Council goes. Among his party supporters during his campaign for the Popular Front were Miss Wilkinson, Mr. Pritt, and Mr. Laski, and he was warmly praised for his stand by Sir Archibald Sinclair, leader of the Liberal Opposition. In so far as Sir Stafford took his stand on the pettiness, blindness, and folly of purely party tactics in times so grave as these, he is to be commended for his courage and principles. There are so many people of all political opinions who see in these times,

A LONDON

as the best hope for survival of our democratic institution of Government, an end made to many camps, each waging an individual guerrilla, and one organised opposition to whatever Government be in power, an opposition ideally as sincerely patriotic, as united in the desire to prevent war and to seek appeasement, to make life bearable again for its own and other peoples as that in power. If such an ideal be to-day shadowy and vague, as are the ideals of pacifism or of the League, there is no good reason not to strive for a beginning. The trouble is to estimate whither and how soon the extreme tip of the Popular Front's tail would have guided the dog. Yet I believe that some of the public men to-day most criticised or ridiculed or contemned for their theories are the most genuine politicians we have and have made the greatest personal sacrifices for their sincerely held theories, and among them perhaps are Sir Stafford, Sir Oswald, and Lord Ponsonby, poles apart politically. We are right to support our National Government—if we are of that way of thinking—loyally and even with blind faith, but we need not be blind to the fact that it needs, above all, constructive and helpful criticism day in and day out (not petty pin pricks and party scores and selfish and foolish obstruction, but constructive criticism), and day in and day out the assistance of patriotic co-operation and counsel from a united opposition of an importance which ensures it a chance of beating the Government at the polls any day popular opinion judges that the Government has failed in its trust.

NATIONAL SERVICE OR DEFENCE.—When I read the divergent views on this campaign for

National Defence Service, from Mr. Brockway's heady assurance that we are being led insidiously to immediate political slavery to those views at the other extreme that we are still fiddling while all we value is licked by the flames, I confess that I find myself in the right camp. Our version of the method of democracy, as revealed in the last vital months, appeared so ineffectual and utterly discouraging. The gentle methods of Sir Samuel Hoare were futile; his successor has had time to turn round but still we are only on

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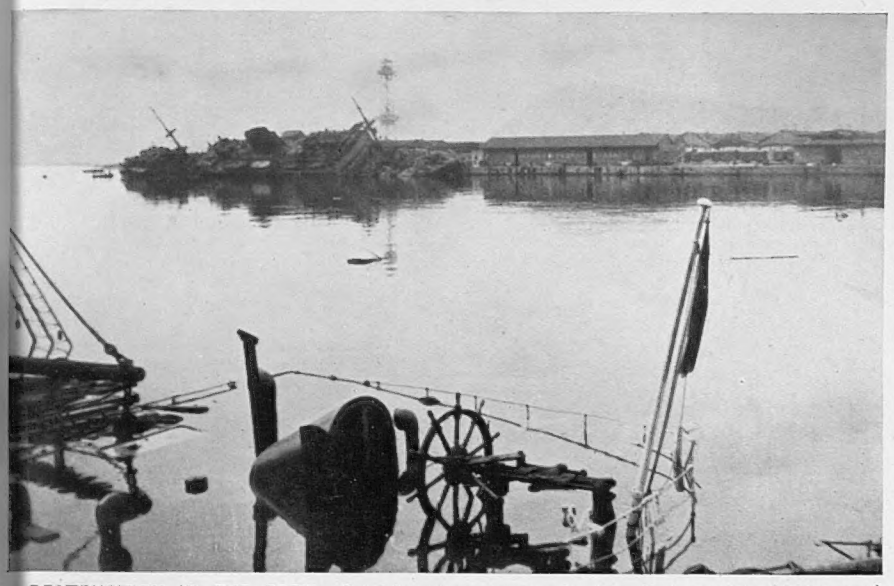
ELONA WITHOUT OPPOSITION

INSURGENT TROOPS DRIVE IN TRIUMPH THROUGH THE CATALAN CAPITAL: One of many lorryloads of General Franco's men seen as it swept into Barcelona following its capture on January 26. At first the invaders were received with only a moderate show of enthusiasm, but when food supplies arrived later in the day hungry crowds gathered to cheer their entry vociferously. There was not even any sniping from the houses



DESTRUCTION IN THE PORT: A half-sunken vessel with her decks awash (foreground) and a liner heeled right over after being wrecked by Government supporters before they evacuated Barcelona. This was the only really serious damage done by the retreating forces who were evidently told that no good purpose would be served by wholesale destruction such as that wrought in Irun in the early stages of the war

CAPITAL FELL

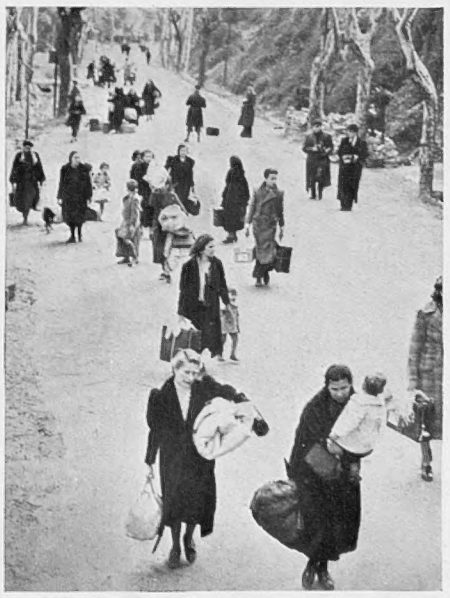
Arouses Barcelona's Enthusiasm

melted almost to enthusiasm, and long-parted friends and relations picked their way among the faithful trench shelters and refuges now vacant at last, queued up at public fountains for what scanty supply of drinking water was still to be had, or adjourned to restaurants, there to consume their spoil, and hopeful even of celebrating the event over the last measure of wine. Thence perhaps to the Concert Hall, that throughout the uproar had kept steadily and complacently issuing tickets for the second part of the music season timed to commence on Sunday, January 29.

A message on Monday said that the underground refuges were slowly being cleared of mattresses and bedding and that most of them were malodorous.

The great port of Barcelona has been shattered in many places. The British destroyer *Greyhound*, which arrived at Marseilles early on January 25, bringing from Barcelona twenty-two British subjects and the archives of the British Embassy, narrowly escaped being hit during the bombing of the port, one bomb falling only a few feet from her bows. Ten British ships in all are reported to have been hit during raids on the port, five being hit on January 24.

Government artillery from San Andres, on the northern outskirts, shelled and set fire to the petrol tanks before retreating. The repairing of lighting systems goes forward, but on January 30 many streets were still in darkness. The chief problem is food



IN A STEADY STREAM women and children have been pouring into the French frontier town of Le Perthus after making the arduous journey through the Pyrenean passes from northern Catalonia. Many of the women are on their own, as their menfolk are either killed, injured or else still serving with the Government forces

and communications. Fleets of lorries bring potatoes, white beans, lentils and dried peas; struggling by hastily improvised by-passes along the principal roads wrecked by the retreating Government forces.

There are no ration cards, and nobody pays for the food. Civil guards are in control of the city, and there have been no cases of sniping or reports of lawlessness. Tramcars and underground trains were running normally within 24 hours of the fall of the city.

Inglis Sheldon-Williams

AUSTRALIAN FIRE HAVOC

AS THE FLAMES ADVANCED ON THE TOWN OF NARBETHONG, in one of the greatest bush fires in Australian history, a daring cameraman obtained this spectacular shot. Over sixty lives were lost in Victoria State and the damage to property has been immense. It was an exceptional instance of a "top fire," with flames leaping through the foliage, as distinct from the usual ground fire, which devours the undergrowth. Its speed was in places estimated at 50 m.p.h.

BURNING WITH RELENTLESS FURY, the fires in Victoria spread through vast tracts and were only quenched by the arrival of rain. Such fires seldom destroy the trees completely and the eucalyptus, in particular, has great recuperative powers

OFFICIALS INSPECTING A DUG-OUT AT RUBICON, VICTORIA, where four men sought shelter from the fire but from which they were forced out into the open by the heat, all of them perishing. Such dug-outs are to be found in many parts of the State where fires are a regular occurrence, and it is only in extreme cases such as this that they are ineffective

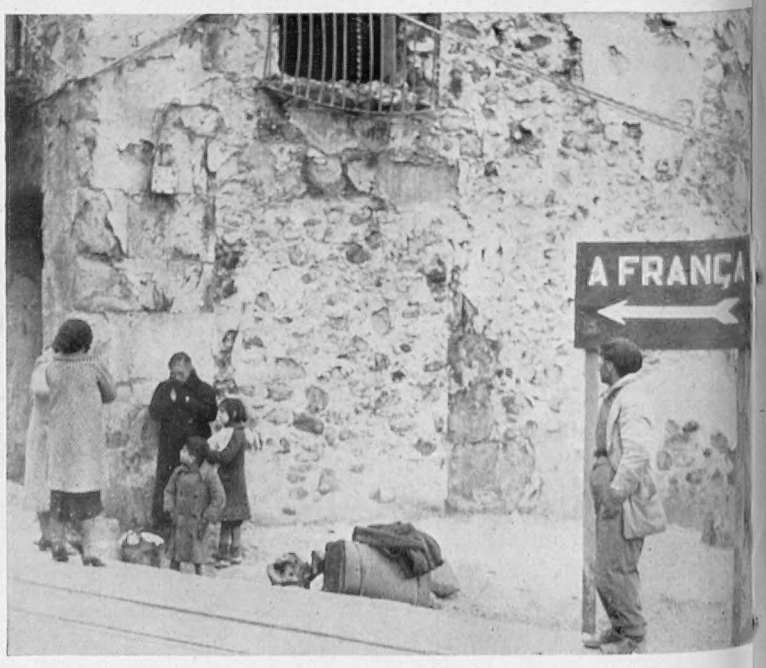
On left—
IN THE BUSH FIRE'S TRACK: Furniture saved from a house at Myer's Creek, before the place went up in flames. Australian bush homes burn readily as they are usually of timber construction. Few have a proper water supply, and thus fire-fighting is very greatly handicapped

FLIGHT FROM

AS FRANCO'S TROOPS DREW EVER NEARER these citizens of Barcelona waited for transport to take them north, away from the scene of war. Almost 200,000 people left the city when it fell and it was obvious that some had lost all faith in the Government cause, for they flocked through Gerona and Figueras, crossing the Pyrenees right into France, where the most elaborate arrangements were made for their succour. Intense cold added to the hardship of the refugees

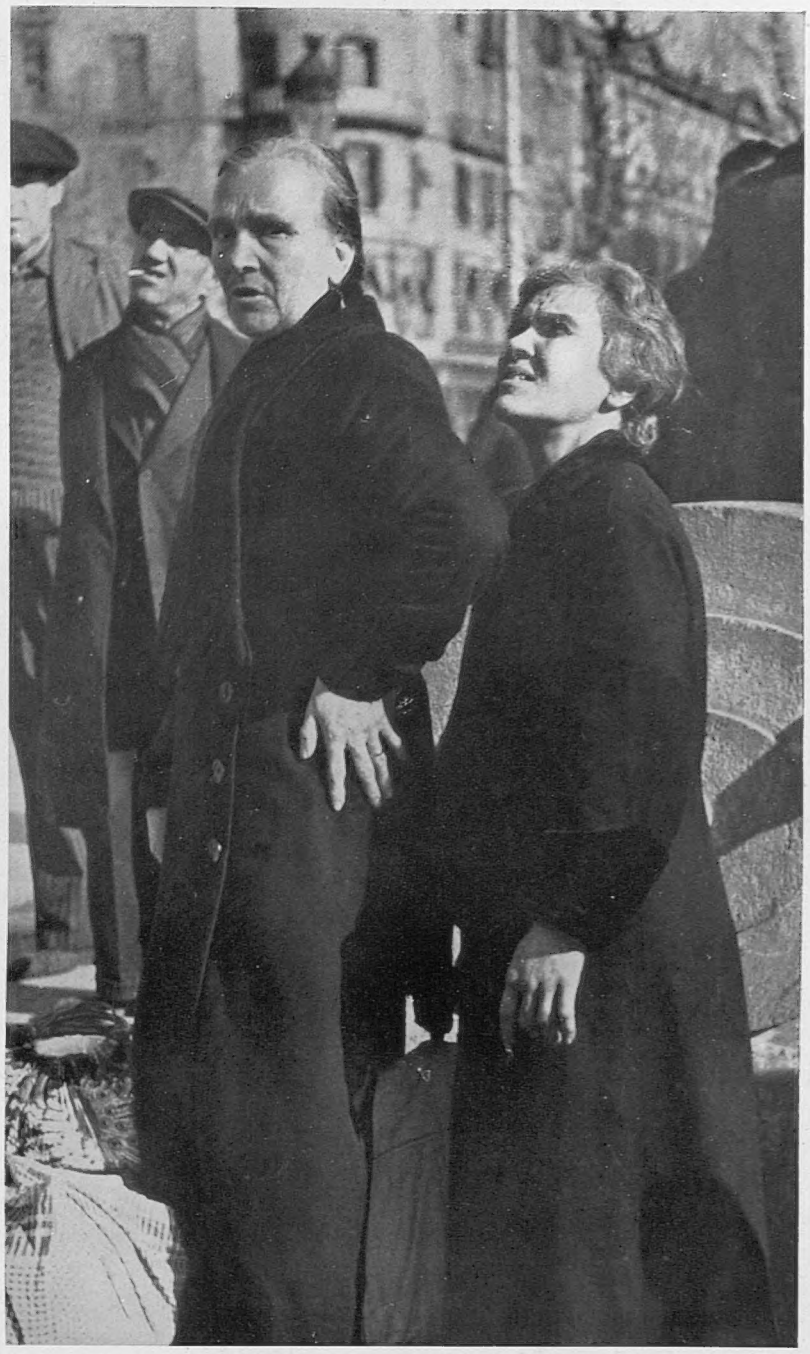
HURRIED NORTH TO MAKE A NEW LINE OF DEFENCE: Young recruits about to leave Barcelona for the Montseny mountains where an attempt was made last week to stem Franco's advance towards the Pyrenees. *Below*—Refugees unloading their property after their lorry had overturned into a ditch on the crowded, main Barcelona-Gerona highway

AMID THE WAITING THRONG: The wife and son of a Catalan civil servant seen with their few belongings before leaving Barcelona for Olot, temporary headquarters of the Generalitat. *Below*—Refugees near a signboard in Figueras pointing the way to France

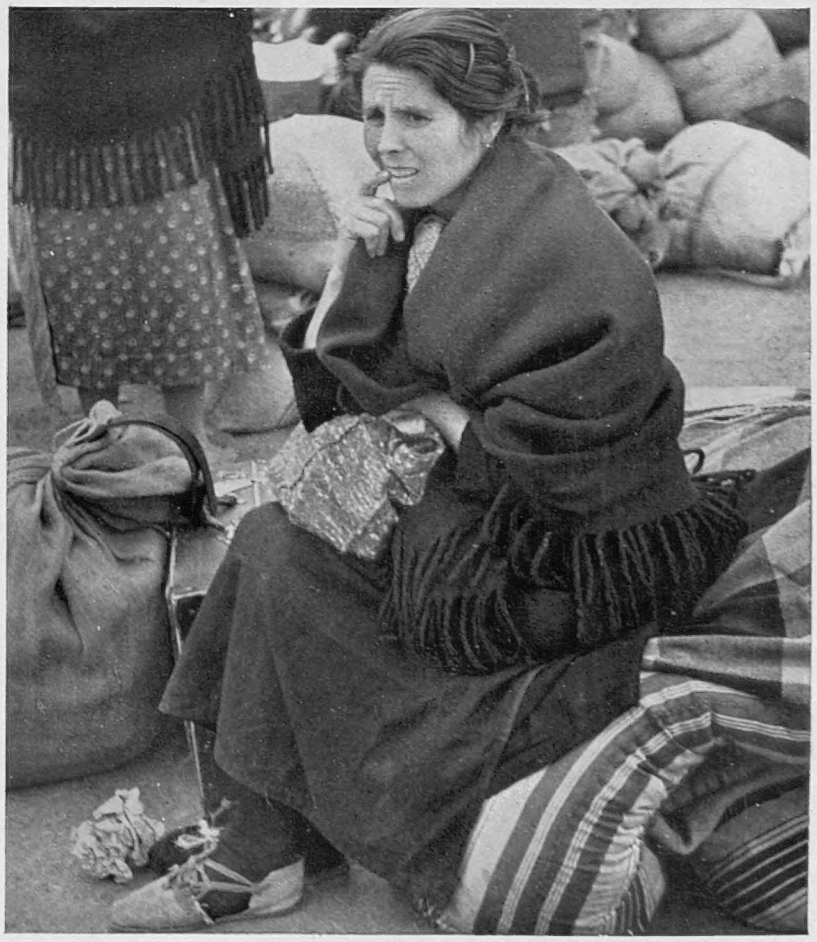


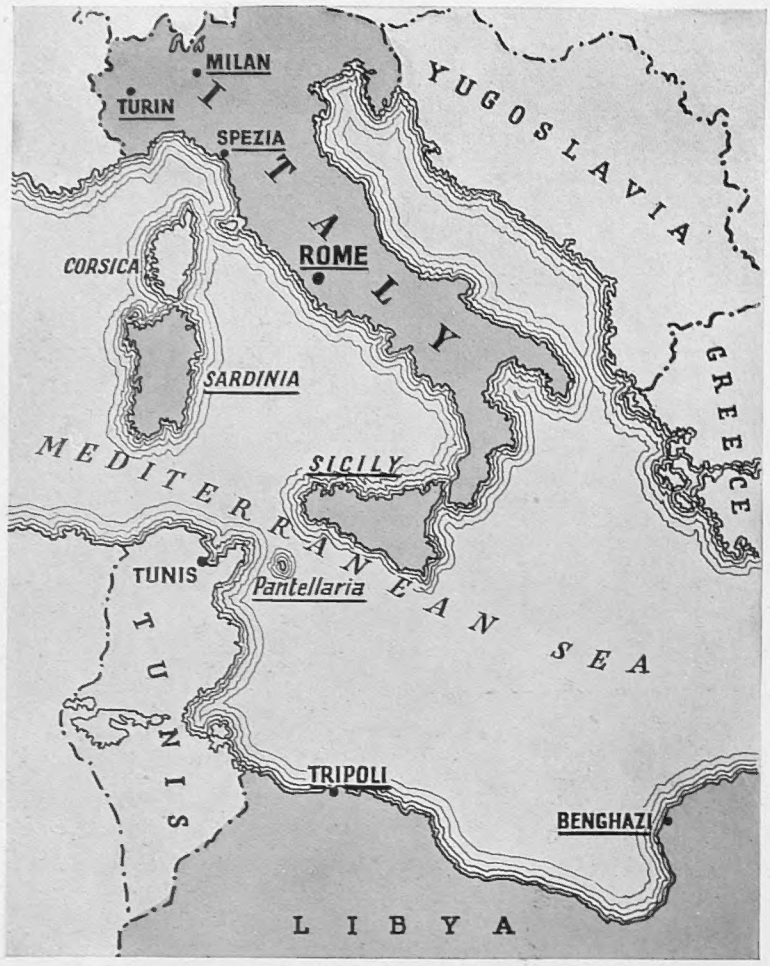
BARCELONA: Scenes in the City as Government Supporters Prepared to Leave

FACED WITH DAYS OF COLD, HUNGER, AND WEARINESS: A group of young women (*above*) and an older refugee (*right*) ready to start out from Barcelona on the long trek which for the time being took them out of range of the insurgent guns. Some made for Gerona, some for Figueras, where the Republican Government is established, and some for the Pyrenees frontier, being determined to make their way into France and have done with the horrors of war. At the beginning of this week it was reported that order was gradually being restored from the chaos in northern Catalonia and that the Government troops were beginning to resist more strongly. Even so, however, General Franco's forces continued to push ahead, though not at the same spectacular rate which had characterised their efforts in the previous three weeks



A LAST LOOK UPWARD: Citizens, on the eve of their departure, watching aircraft wheeling over the city when engaged in reconnaissance for Franco's vanguard. Barcelona, it has been found, remains surprisingly intact in view of the countless raids to which it has been subjected during the past year. The port has been the main target





WHERE ITALY'S AIR POWER IS CONCENTRATED is shown in this sketch-map by the places that are underlined. In the north, near the French border, Turin and Milan both have one "air fleet" composed of 300 front-line warplanes, while Spezia, near Genoa, is a main seaplane bomber and reconnaissance base. There are also units in the south and on the African shore, while Pantellaria, it is said, is becoming a miniature Gibraltar

THE MEDITERRANEAN CHESSBOARD

When and If Franco Captures Spain's Whole Pyrenean Frontierland, the Duce Will Deem the Time Ripe to Act

Says LADY DRUMMOND-HAY

THE fall of Barcelona to Generalissimo Francisco Franco, insurgent "Caudillo" (Leader) of Nationalist Spain, promises to bring Italian-French tension to a new, and perhaps final, climax. That is the view held very generally in diplomatic circles in the Eternal City. It is quite openly shared in Fascist quarters close to the Italian Government.

Once General Franco holds the full length of the Pyrenees Spanish-French frontier from Irun on the Bay of Biscay to the Mediterranean, Signor Mussolini, according to well-informed sources, will call for a show-down with France on "Italy's justified demands" in Tunisia, Jibuti, and French Somaliland in East Africa, and in regard to Italy's "natural aspirations."

Signor Mussolini was not precise about his demands upon France to Mr. Neville Chamberlain when the Prime Minister and Lord Halifax made their recent visit to Rome and were warmly received by Il Duce, Count Ciano, Press and public as something of a ratification of the Anglo-Italian Mediterranean accord of April, 1938. Signor Mussolini was reserved on them. He would wait until General Franco's victorious troops entered Barcelona, Spain's greatest industrial city, and for many years the chief centre of the Spanish Anarchist and Syndicalist parties, estimated at the beginning of the civil war as 1,500,000 strong. It was expected in Rome that among the troops to enter Barcelona there would be some of the Italian volunteers, of whom four divisions, according to mention in the Italian Press, are in Franco's army.

With that "last hole" in the frontier to France stopped, it is the view in Rome that France will be in the "nut cracker" of the three dictators—Il Duce Mussolini, der Führer Hitler and el Caudillo Franco, and that Mussolini will endeavour to achieve a Mediterranean "Munich."

In quarters that are in a position to know something about it, it is asserted that Mussolini has not yet definitely made up his mind as to what his demands in regard to Tunisia, Jibuti and other "aspirations" will be; but that these in their final detail may be formulated to fit the situation and the political atmosphere then prevailing. It is a thought very pleasing to the official Italian mind and to the Fascists that France will be under the pressure of three allied totalitarian states, Fascist Italy, Nazi-Great Germany and Franco-Fascist Spain, when these demands are presented to Paris.

It is quite obvious that Rome with political strategy and diplomatic tactics will endeavour to create a situation analagous to Munich. And, just as Adolf Hitler mobilised not only many divisions of his army behind his demands on Czechoslovakia, but *allowed the foreign Press to sound the war-scare drums loudly*, so Mussolini is letting his fighting forces "take position" and having the Italian Press make it public.

There is mention of the disposition of troops. The bulk of the army and air force are in the north and north-western regions of Italy facing France. The strongly fortified line on the Italian side of the mountainous French frontier is heavily manned. Italy's Royal Air Army, as its air force is called, is made up of four or five "Air Fleets." Each air fleet is composed of two air divisions, one of bombardment planes, and the other of fighters. Each air fleet, theoretically at least, calls for 300 warplanes in the first line without the reserves. One air fleet is based at Turin and another at Milan. The naval base at Spezia, near Genoa, is also the main seaplane bomber and reconnaissance base in the north. Another air fleet is based near Rome.

Italy's chief industries are mainly centred in the north, particularly in the Milan and Turin regions. That accounts for the strong air concentrations in those sections. In anti-aircraft guns Italy has been far behind Germany. The air bases on Sicily whence bombers can reach the great British naval base, Malta, in thirty to forty-five minutes' flight, have profoundly influenced British naval strategy in mid-Mediterranean.

Numerous squadrons of bombers and interceptor fighters are based on Sardinia. There are strong air units in Italian North Africa with bases at or near Sirte, Tripoli, Benghazi and Tobruk, Kufra and two or three other points. In strength, the Italian air forces in all of Libya approach that of an air fleet.

Perhaps the most interesting of the Italian Mediterranean defences is the little island of Pantellaria, which according to reports is being transformed into something of an "island Gibraltar." It is a submarine and seaplane bomber base, with an aerodrome for a landplane base alleged to be nearing completion. Heavy long-range guns and anti-aircraft batteries have been installed in the rock, steel and concrete fortifications. An extinct volcano, rising to a height of 2,743 ft. near the centre of the island, which has an area of only 32 sq. miles, affords exceptional locations for galleries, tunnels and bombproofs like Gibraltar. Monte Sant' Elmo, 869 ft. high, at the south-eastern part of the island, is another commanding position.

Sixty miles from Sicily, and only forty miles from the North African coast at Cape Bon, Tunisia, Pantellaria occupies a very strategic position, all the more important in time of war because of the presence there of submarines and bombardment planes to dispute the passage of enemy warships. The Mediterranean, in the basin in which Pantellaria is situated, has a maximum depth of nearly 4,000 ft., which facilitates the operation of submarines.

Bombers based on Pantellaria would have little more than twenty minutes' flight to the city of Tunis, and half an hour to Bizerta, France's chief naval base in north Africa.

This week's meeting of the Italian Supreme Council of Defence was called by Mussolini to review all of Italy's defences on land, sea and in the air, and a last check on all military, naval and aerial preparations, reserves of munitions, petrol, metals, rubber and general food supplies.

As far as I have been able to sound sentiment in Rome, the prevailing opinion is that the impression will certainly be created that Italy is ready for the zero hour when Mussolini's demands reach the climax of tension with France, but that there will be no war. That opinion is based on two views. That Britain will not enter a war with France for French Jibuti or French Tunisia. That France herself will hesitate about going into war against Mussolini's demands in Tunisia and Jibuti.

A prominent diplomat in Rome put it this way, "France will fight if her continental frontiers are attacked. France will argue about Tunisia and Jibuti. France will not fight for territory in Africa obtained not by conquest but by juridical means." The next weeks should reveal how prophetic is that view.

Foreign observers in Rome, diplomatic and military, express the opinion that Italy is prepared for only a "short quick war." This is predicated upon the limitations of her resources in economics, finance and material and of her relatively small stocks of reserve supplies. And because "it must be a short quick war," as they say, if war should come—of which none of these observers with whom I have talked are convinced—they hold that Italy will launch a "totalitarian war" in the air according to the doctrine and principles laid down by the late General Giulio Douhet.

This famous Italian strategist of air-warfare, whose tenets have profoundly influenced the minds of the general air staffs of the major Powers in the world, has laid down the aim of aerial warfare as "a swift and implacable integral war under unified command. It must be conducted rapidly with the maximum effort, with all available means, in the shortest time." Douhet's "integral" is synonymous with "totalitarian." He laid down the principle which has so shocked the civilised world, yet has been carried out in Ethiopia, Spain, and China, that in air war "no difference shall be made between the fighting forces at the front and the civil populations in the rear, as the work and efforts of the second is the main support of the first."

General Douhet also advocated that in war Italy should be on the defensive on land, and on sea, and offensive in the air. How far Signor Mussolini and the Italian High Command have made General Douhet's doctrine of air war their own in case of a conflict is not known.

DOING THE "PASSO ROMANO": Young Italians whose fathers are fighting in Spain were privileged last week to help with guard duty at the Palazzo Venezia, the Duce's official quarters, and they are seen giving the Roman version of the goose-step during the changing ceremony. An N.C.O. sets the pace

A MOTHER OF FRANCE IS GODMOTHER TO A BATTLESHIP

How Madame Mons, the Wife of a Shipyard Worker, Floated the 35,000-ton "Richelieu" in the Construction Dock at Brest

THEIR DAY OF DAYS: M. Campinchi (left), the French Minister of Marine, with M. Mons, one of the workers who helped build the new French battleship *Richelieu*, Madame Mons and some of the ten Mons children. Madame Mons had the honour of performing the inaugural ceremony, when the 35,000-ton *Richelieu* was floated for the first time in the dock at Brest in which she has been built. Despite her inexperience of ceremonial occasions the battleship's godmother played her part as to the manner born and was enthusiastically applauded by a large concourse of spectators

A WORD OF SYMPATHY: French Minister of Marine M. Campinchi receives the woman who was originally chosen to be the godmother of the *Richelieu* but had to give place at the last moment as her husband took part in a strike. In the centre is Madame Mons

MADAME MONS CUTS THE RIBBON with the assistance of Minister of Marine Campinchi, while her children look on with evident interest. Madame Mons has ten children, and needless to say, caring for them is a full-time job

M. CAMPINCHI PRAISES BREST'S CONSTRUCTIONAL EFFORT: The French Minister of Marine, with Madame Mons seated beside him, speaking at the luncheon which was held at Brest after the floating of the *Richelieu*

CHEZ MONS: Madame Mons serving the mid-day meal to her children in their home at Brest. Her elder daughters help with the household duties, and when there is plenty of work on hand in the dockyards M. Mons earns a sufficient wage to keep them all in what may be termed modest comfort

Below—

THE "RICHELIEU" AFLOAT: The new battleship being towed from the dock where she was constructed to the place where she will be fitted out

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A SNAPSHOT IN ROME TO-DAY, which reveals two aspects of the tendency of official Italy to copy outstanding features in the life of the Big Partner—a tendency which does not meet with the approval of the generality of the Italian people. "Essentially," says Mr. Tuohy, "the great bulk of the Italians mistrust and fear the Germans, but at this stage Signor Mussolini evidently still believes that Italy can get through the Axis things she could never hope to get through the Democracies"

IT'S UP TO SIGNOR MUSSOLINI NOW

"The Sphere's" Foreign Correspondent Looks Back On the Rome Visit and, in the Light of What Happened, Surveys the Present State of Britain's Relations With Italy

By FERDINAND TUOHY

"NEVERTHELESS, our experience has been that those princes who have done great things have held good faith of little account, and have known how to circumvent the intellect of men by craft, and in the end have overcome those who have relied upon their word.

"A wise lord cannot, nor ought he to, keep faith when such observance may be turned against him, and when the reasons which caused him to pledge it exist no longer. He who has known best how to employ the fox has succeeded best. But it is necessary to know well how to disguise this characteristic and to be a great pretender and dissembler; men are so simple and subject to present necessities."

Mr. Chamberlain bestrode the hearth a couple of yards away; the Prime Minister was speaking, in what circumstances I am precluded from saying. A notably youthful-Brink-of-Seventy, lithe, bright-eyed, sound of complexion.

Now, you are all tired by this time of "the results of Rome." Or aren't you? You should not be because the Rome meeting is going to project itself through the year. But my excuse for harping back is that one result has, so far as I know, not been chronicled.

You may remember Mr. Chamberlain saying early last summer that he would eat his hat if he came to be fooled by the dictators. Well, I think you may say "definitely" that the Prime Minister will not have to tackle the menu that Low anticipated, I believe, somewhat à la Charlotte Russe. Surely another result of Rome is the revealing that our representative is not to be led down the garden path, more particularly by one who has as demonstrably founded his political strategy and morality on "the Prince" of Machiavelli (from whom the above extracts) as ever Hitler drew on *Mein Kampf*.

Mr. Chamberlain no doubt journeyed to Rome for four principal reasons. He believes that when men talk together in a room their characters are illumined. He desired to get this close-up of the Duce for future reference. Secondly, he wished to hear what Signor Mussolini was out for, and he wished Signor Mussolini to hear where Britain intended standing. Thirdly, he wished to test among the Roman people his laurels as peace-seeker. And fourthly, he wished to pay honour to a harassed and grieving Pope, not the least important objective of the journey.

There had been a fifth objective, to fix a truce in Spain, but the chances of that were ruled out by the turn of the Catalan battle before the Premier left for Rome. If it be true to say that the three days led to nothing in the matter of this capital issue, how could they have, with Mussolini adhering to his Franco-must-first-win conception? It beats me how you at home came to be regaled with tales of "deadlock" and of "failure" of the 180 minutes Rome talks, when negotiations were never for one second entered upon in any direction. Duce and Prime Minister may unspokenly have registered that at this juncture they agree powerfully to differ. A fresh jumping-off point was attained.

The Italian people can be the most charming in the world. They were. The Roman ambience can be the most dazzling in Europe. It was. Yet I do not think any of the British party, numbering about twenty-five, including the special correspondents (and why shouldn't they be included, with the Press growing so desperately important?), was led astray from that which hoyered from first to last over our stay in Rome—the Duce's 1939 bid for what he calls peace with justice. He will suffer none other to work more ardently for this sort of peace than himself, and we all know what he means. The peace the Duce craves and will slave for is a bloodless Fascist gaining of objectives by will power alone.

Mr. Chamberlain's hope is to meet this attitude by negotiation, but will the totalitarians assent to a procedure that would permit the democracies to continue meanwhile catching up in armaments?

One thing is certain. Negotiations cannot even be put in train so long as the journalists of two great nations continue to behave like criminal lunatics. While we were in Rome a leading French paper crowned matters by averring that one second-rate (reformé) French soldier was worth ten Italians, to which the *Tevere* bellowed back that the Gallic cock of the reputed hard beak was merely a super-annuated capon, the only thing hard about which was its arteries. You may say this sort of thing cuts no ice, but you will be wrong. If there is one thing that sends Mussolini through the roof with wrath it is sneering at Italian arms, even the faintest whiff of Caporetto or Adowa. Yet the Italian Press is just as much to blame as the French—more so, because it started things deliberately in order to launch crazy chauvinistic demands.

It started things. Which puts us on to the likely burning question of the coming months—the Mediterranean. I suppose I had as good an approach to Rome as any of my dear colleagues, a flight of 500 miles over the waters of destiny, from Tunis to Naples and Ostia.

A week before, I had watched wild Journiers acclaim Daladier on the edge of the Sahara. Now for the switch-over to Rome.

Studying background, it develops that Mussolini badly needs another spectacular success à la Ethiopienne, if not of like texture. The Fascist economy is not going to break down. The Party, and bubbling, babbling youth, remain for the Duce to the last dagger. But there is smothered discontent in the country. The sinking standard of living, the rising cost of necessities, the crushing taxation for armaments, are telling their tale. "The strain is becoming too great all round and the people are getting bored." Most of them, except the pro-Nazi extremists, also jib or gibe at the apeing of Prussia, with the goose-stepping "passo romano," the bearing down on the Jews, the attitude to the Pope, beloved by upper and lower classes, and now the Duce himself has gone one further by thinking out a Prussian-style military cap and greatcoat—he wore them at Mr. Chamberlain's coming and going.

Essentially, the great bulk of Italians do not like the Germans and they also mistrust and fear them (this goes particularly in the whole vital north). The Duce is naturally entirely aware of this, but evidently at this stage still believes he must make his Italians toe the line because Italy can get from the Axis things she can never hope to obtain from the democracies. The Duce wants, in a word, Empire—greater Empire. And he feels here is the moment. Primarily, he (and another) has the bomber which comfortable democracies dread so.

Might not evil events be warded off by Italy being granted representation on the Suez Board, by her being given the Jibuti railway against compensation to French shareholders, by Britain presiding over an Italian Loan that, I was told, would have to be of at least £100,000,000, to be divided between easing domestic hardship and cryingly necessary attention to Abyssinia? After all, there is the argument that Britain and France crossed their Rubicon in recognising the conquest of Ethiopia, and that the part of sanity is surely now to aid the Italians to get going there, instead of watching them go bankruptly deeper in the African ooze; even as to help the hard-hit Italians at home would be no less sound policy. But might not the loan be occultly deflected to arms? To which comes back: "You've got to risk that. Life is going to be a riskier business altogether for the 'Haves'."

I am convinced that the majority of the Italian people would chirp with glee if their Duce could see his way to dealing with Mr. Chamberlain and M. Daladier on the premiss of the above three concessions and benefactions to Italy. Equally so, I do not believe that the Duce is veering towards acquainting France and Britain that he would be prepared to do business on such triple basis, granted—and it is a big "grant"—that *we* would be similarly prepared. Rather does Mussolini appear to be preparing to use a Franco Spain for a new, and he hopes decisive, leverage on France, one's worst fear being that he is really set on going out after Tunisia.

"One reason in having Chamberlain in Rome," I was told in a quarter worthy of respect, "was to jolly along the British, show them what friends they really have in the Italians, thereby getting them further into a state of mind in which they will hesitate to go to war, and risk the bombing of London, in order to save a French protectorate. The Duce is banking heavily on the new idea that no democratic country will concert for the latest form of war unless in positive defence of its own soil. What Mussolini looks to be aspiring to, is to get down to an African-cum-aerial-cum-naval clash with France alone. He thinks he can cope with France, provided Britain stays out on the understanding that Germany will stay out, too, officially.

"But in reality the Duce is staking on being able to draw upon the Reich unofficially for men and arms, for 'volunteers' and endless munitions and equipment streaming from over the Brenner in the best non-intervention manner. This extra strength, he reckons, would tip the scales against France, and all the time while it was coming to him non-intervention committees could of course sit and debate how best to stop the crucial 'volunteer' Nazi aid.

"The French might counter by saying they have good reason to think the Germans would not go to war for Italian expansion in Africa. But, precisely, under the new and successful totalitarian war-waging technique, 'the Germans' would not be going to war. Only Nazi party 'volunteers' would be doing that. In fact, the Italians in Spain, over again."

As there is not the remotest chance of France yielding a vastly anti-Italian Tunisia and losing at once honour and status because of the gross insults with which the Fascist claim is accompanied, the above extreme reading should at least be judged worthy of some consideration. What an enormous pity it is that the dictators' methods are so impossible and that one cannot trust them ever to stop these methods, however better-off you might aid them to be. Obviously there is truth in the Duce's conception that the world cannot remain as it is, territorially and economically, and that deprived nations have a right to improve their lot. The curse of it is that we have not yet come near finding a way to do what might have been done honourably and calmly at Geneva—remove the causes of war by anticipatory re-bestowal of earth and riches. It may be that we have in Mr. Chamberlain one of the few remaining cards for peace. He should certainly not

THE DUCE, CLAD IN HIS NEW STYLE UNIFORM OF PRUSSIAN DESIGN, lays the foundation stone of a cement factory in the town of Guidonia

(*Continued on page 178*)

THE BRIDE and the BLIZZARD:

How Last Week's Snowstorm Complicated Matters at the Hon. Anne Wigram's Windsor Castle Wedding

A DAY THEY WILL NEVER FORGET: The Hon. Anne Wigram, only daughter of Lord Wigram, Permanent Lord-in-Waiting to the King and Deputy-Constable of Windsor Castle, leaving St. George's Chapel in a snowstorm after her wedding last week to Mr. John Leslie Harvey. A piper preceded them, playing the famous "Skye Boat Song" as he strode down the steps. This was the first wedding that had taken place at Windsor Castle for many years. About 300 of the 1,300 people who accepted invitations were prevented from attending by the weather conditions. Following the ceremony a reception was held in St. George's Hall

IN AN HISTORIC SETTING: Mr. John Leslie Harvey and his bride pictured on the Grand Staircase at Windsor Castle on the day before their marriage. *On left*—The bridal car surrounded by guests as it drove through the castle precincts from St. George's Chapel to the reception. Royalty was represented by Princess Helena Victoria and Princess Marie Louise

BIMBO GOES TO THE MINES

BIMBO STARTS OUT: The young Kaffir who has been recruited for work in the gold mines leaves the kraal where he was born and bred and makes his way to a pre-arranged rendezvous. Before him is the prospect of nine months' hard work and the chance to earn sufficient money to buy a wife

OFF TO THE MINE: Bimbo, clothed for mine work, leaves the compound and set out for the shaft-head. His wage will be just over fifty-eight shillings a month in addition to free board and lodging

This is the story of Bimbo, just one of many thousands of South African coloured folk brought up in the primitive conditions of the kraal and, in the fullness of his young manhood encouraged to go to work in the great mines of the Rand.

Bimbo, like all his kind, is a simple soul with many quaint ways, and when he wanders about Johannesburg in his leisure hours it is not difficult to conceive what thoughts course through his tousled head as he gazes up at the mighty skyscrapers and into the shop windows with their dazzling array of finery. He earns good money in the mines and before long decks himself out in amazing fashion, buying the most colourful garb he can see. When his contract is up after nine months he returns to his native village, there to settle down for a space with the handsome wife he has purchased with the remains of his earnings.

THE MINE AUTHO
LINESS and re
shower baths.
of the mine w

HIS FIRST PAY: Bimbo looks a little doubtfully on the notes which have been given him. Kaffirs almost invariably prefer coin and doubtless Bimbo will go and change his paper money as soon as he gets a chance. If he is really thrifty he may save £20 during his nine months at the mine

MAN ABOUT TOWN: Bimbo visits a store to spend some of his hard-earned wages and, true to type, buys a gaudy coat. He also considers purchasing a hat, but he seems a trifle doubtful about its style. *On right*—Gazing up at Johannesburg's sky-scrapers; to him, objects of awe-inspiring grandeur

Below—
BIMBO IN HIS BUNK: There is every comfort in the mine compound and to the Kaffir mind it almost borders on luxury

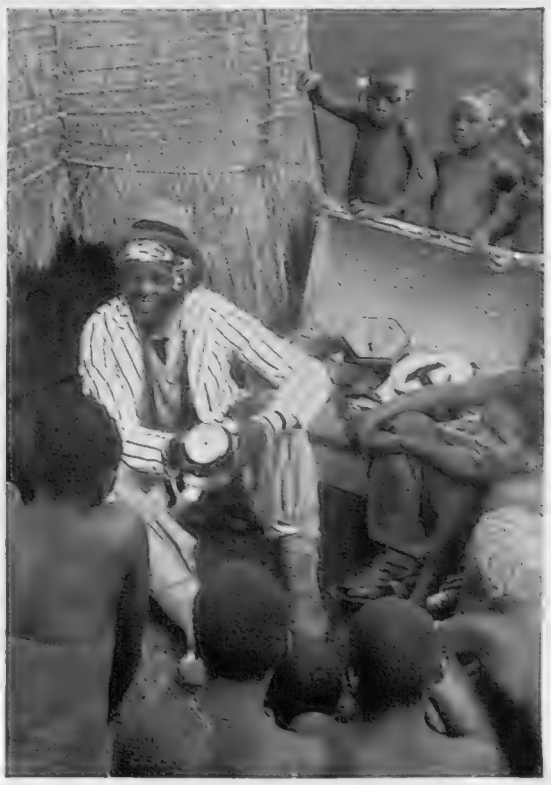
An Episode in the Life of a Young Kaffir in the Rand Gold Fields

TIES LAY GREAT STRESS ON PERSONAL CLEAN- larly Bimbo and his colleagues are required to take a result of this and other hygienic measures the health kers is on the whole considered highly satisfactory

ON THE WORKING FACE: Bimbo operating one of the great drills used for breaking down the ore. This is no easy job and has its elements of danger as the inhalation of dust gives rise to the dread affection known as phthisis. Fortunately, however, the Witwatersrand leads the world in mining hygiene and very large sums of money have been and are being spent by all the leading companies upon abatement of the evil

RETURN IN TRIUMPH: Clad in new overcoats and much finery, Bimbo and his friends, their contracts up, leave the bus that has brought them from the railhead and start a short trek across country to their kraal where relatives and sweethearts are eagerly waiting to greet them and to hear the news

CYNOSURE OF ALL EYES: Bimbo, now a man of substance, is admired by the young ladies of the kraal, and (*right*) everyone gathers round to watch him display his alarm clock and other wonderful purchases made in the big city



FRANCO BUILDS BONNY BABIES : This picture, received from the Franco side, shows that the youth of Malaga, seaport city of south-eastern Spain, are well nourished despite prevailing war conditions. The children are orphans and are being cared for under the auspices of the insurgent administration, everything possible being done to help them to live normal lives. Fortunately they have for some time past been far removed from the scene of hostilities

TABLE FOR FOUR: Orphaned youngsters enjoying their midday meal in a social centre at Malaga. While the insurgent administration has been caring for the children in this admirable fashion, the Catalonian government has been equally energetic

GOOD MEALS FOR UNEVACUATED CHILDREN: The insurgent regime in Barcelona is doubtless making its own arrangements for the children, but when this picture was taken a week or two ago, the Catalan administration was doing admirable work, having four halls, where a total of 8,000 children were given a proper midday meal at a cost of one peseta a day, a typical diet being rice and meat, a jam roll and a glass of milk. Each hall was sponsored by one of the army divisions and the divisional band frequently came to entertain the children

IN SPAIN BOTH SIDES CARE FOR THE CHILDREN

A.R.P. MEASURES

The following article was written by Jerome Willis for "The Sphere" during a visit to Barcelona a few weeks ago, and although the city has fallen into General Franco's hands since the events described, many of the points that are raised are still of outstanding interest both as a record of life in the Catalan capital preceding its capture and as a record of how a big European centre of population has reacted to air raids from the most modern types of bomber.

By JEROME WILLIS

IF Barcelona had a few good old London fogs it would be a much happier city at the moment. I have just spent a week there and the raiding planes came on an average three times daily, and once or twice during the night. A bright sun shining out of a cloudless blue sky, and clear white moonlit nights make the city the airman's dream of a ground target.

Stretching from the port up to the first slopes of the hill of Tibidabu, and north and south along the shore of the Mediterranean, it forms a rough semi-circle. Apart from the old city which hinges on to the port, it is planned on American more than European lines, with square blocks of buildings, and numerous open spaces in the centre of the blocks. This design, though naturally allowing a wider area to bomb, at least lessens the liability to loss of life. Bombs falling on such blocks cannot possibly cause the same havoc as they would if they fell in the narrow winding streets of the old city, where the average wall is a thickness of about two bricks.

Unfortunately, however, the old city has been the principal sufferer because it is so near to the bull's-eye of raiding aircraft, i.e., the port with its laden ships tied up alongside. Apart from one raid in the latter part of November, when about sixty persons were killed outside the port quarter, insurgent aircraft now seem to be concentrating on the port and electric power stations to the north and south of the city. In eleven raids on these objectives the casualties were only three dead and nineteen wounded. Yet some seventy to a hundred bombs were dropped.

During this particular period most of the bombs fell in the sea, for the anti-aircraft guns were pretty active and started blazing away as soon as the hostile aircraft appeared within the line of fire. Those bombs that did find a target burst on the quayside and in one case reduced the forecastle of a ship tied up alongside to matchwood.

Naturally, to-day people give the port a wide berth, because the raiders are over it every day, and often the warning is of too short a duration for one to seek shelter. Nevertheless, unloading of the ships carries on spasmodically between the raids, the crews and dockers diving for shelter on the quayside immediately the warning sounds. The warning siren is only effective if one happens to be in the streets. When it whines over the city like the cry of a lost soul, people lose no time in getting to their shelters. The "all clear" signal is the same siren, sounded three times.

Though it is a clear and awesome sound it rarely penetrates inside houses, and on numerous occasions in my hotel I heard either the echoing detonation of the bombs exploding or the bark of anti-aircraft guns as the first indication of an air raid. The fact that the warning is not heard within houses may be due to rationed electricity, which would naturally result in a reduced volume of sound. Anyhow, the air-raid warning in Paris every Thursday can be heard in every part of the city, whether

AT LAST AT AN END: A whit… the nearest first-aid dep… Barcelona a few wee…

IN BARCELONA

How the City Prepared for and Reacted to Air Raids During the Weeks Preceding its Fall

your apartment is on the ground or top floor of Montmartre or Montparnasse.

The Air Raids Passive Defence Department of Barcelona, which is equivalent to our A.R.P. in London, is responsible for the defence of the civil population. They are an extremely efficient body, in so far as anyone can protect a civil population from air attack, apart from destroying the hostile aircraft before it reaches its objective. Citizens are kept well posted with instructions on how to behave during a raid.

Though the public are instructed to go to their shelters immediately the air-raid warning sounds, they do not often obey, except in the old city or its immediate environs, where the gaunt and lonely façades of buildings standing amidst a pile of wreckage are an ever-present reminder of air-raid peril. If they all did, however, there would be a mighty crush, for at the moment there are only shelters for about 500,000 people, while the population is reckoned to be over 2,000,000. Shelters are being built with feverish activity.

West of the Plaza del Catalunya, which is roughly a kilometre and a half from the port, people seem to content themselves with standing in doorways during a raid, though they are severely warned against this course by the authorities. For flying glass from stricken buildings has caused numerous injuries to persons who sought this type of shelter. Other people (if it is a daylight raid) just stand in the middle of the street and strain their eyes upwards to catch a glimpse of the raiding planes. They still do this, though many of the casualties in the earlier raids on the city were caused by falling fragments of anti-aircraft shells. One man had his head opened with such a fragment, and he was dead before the ambulance arrived.

But Spaniards are Spaniards, and are a law unto themselves, which seems to defeat all other laws. Just as I saw them calm and fatalistic under shell-fire in the streets of Madrid, so they are under the bombs in Barcelona.

The first raid I experienced in the latter city occurred during the day when I was in the broad expanse of the Paseo del Gracia. A group of young fellows next to me were so enthusiastic about spotting the raiding planes, that they ran out into the middle of the road to point at them excitedly, and I followed them, unconsciously breaking the laws of the Passive Defence Department, because I found their enthusiasm infectious.

Night raids are always more eerie. The first indication that the planes are approaching (if you don't hear the bombs drop first) is that all the lights go out. Naturally, there are no lights in the streets, and the central power station plunges every building into darkness immediately the raid is signalled. If you are in an hotel at dinner, stumps of candles immediately appear on the table, and waiters carry on serving, just as if the lights had failed for a time.

Raids on an average last about 4 mins. Immediately the "all clear" is sounded the lights go on again. There may, however, be only an interval of 5 mins. before another raid starts; then the whole business starts over again.

Nevertheless, the life of the average citizen does not seem to be affected to any great extent by the continuity of these raids. Apart from the black-out and the dash for shelter while the raid is in progress, he or she pursues the normal routine. Anti-aircraft gunfire they find annoying during the night, for it naturally makes it difficult to sleep, but few people bother to descend to shelters.

coated doctor rushing a child to following an air raid upon before its capture by Franco

WATCH ON THE PYRENEAN FRONTIER: French officers keeping a look out on the borderland between France and Spain as in view of General Franco's successful drive through Catalonia it was realised that Government troops and refugees might once again begin to pour across into French terrain. France is naturally anxious to prevent a wholesale influx which might prove highly embarrassing, but is permitting a certain number of refugees to enter

AS FRANCO NEARED THE GATES OF BARCELONA members of the British diplomatic and consular staffs were taken aboard H.M.S. *Greyhound*—a destroyer—and conveyed to Marseilles where they are seen in this composite picture at the moment of disembarking. The packages on the right contain the diplomatic files

INSURGENT TROOPS GIVE THANKS FOR VICTORY on entering Tarragona where they take part in an open-air mass, the soldiers kneeling in the street with bared heads. The ceremony was wholly in keeping with the occasion, for, as readers of "The Sphere" will recall, Roy Elston pointed out in last week's issue that this city has ecclesiastical traditions dating back many centuries and holds a unique place in the religious life of the peninsula

FACETS OF FRANCO'S BIG CATALONIAN OFFENSIVE

THE RESTORATION OF THE DU BARRY'S HISTORIC HOME

The Old Pavillon de Louveciennes Is Given Back Its Former Glory

THE PAVILLON DE LOUVECIENNES in the state in which the late M. Coty found it in 1929 when, owing to frequent reconstructions of an ill-advised nature, both the exterior and the interior bore little resemblance to their appearance in the days when the renowned Madame Du Barry held court there. To-day this historic residence may be seen in all its original glory

THE Pavillon de Louveciennes, historic home of the Du Barry, has recently been in the market. Its last owner was M. Coty who entirely reconstructed the building according to the original plans of Ledoux. Unfortunately, M. Coty only lived to inhabit this enchanting pavilion for a few months. The Pavillon de Louveciennes was one of several properties owned by M. Coty who acquired it as a home for private retreat. The reason for this historic domain being so little known to the public is attributable to the fact that his guests were very limited and that he was continually engaged on the plans for the reconstruction, which was never completed. Many have heard mention of the famous lodge that Louis XV presented to his favourite; few have visited it.

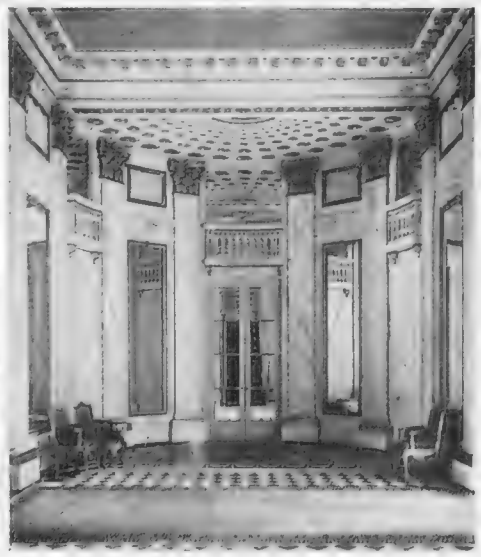
To most people the name of Madame Du Barry conjures up a fascinating figure in the history of France during the late eighteenth century, the King's mistress, an intriguing personality in the life of the brilliant Court at Versailles. But the inner story of her life is not generally known; her extraordinary adventures and escapades, the intrigues that placed her in the position of favourite of Louis XV, and the episode of Louveciennes. Unfortunately, space does not permit me to refer to these events at any length. I am here concerned largely with her home, the Pavillon de Louveciennes, which was offered to her on July 24, 1769.

A FIREPLACE CORNER of the music room in the magnificently restored Pavillon de Louveciennes at the time of sale. *On left*—The pavillon viewed from the south-east. A picture taken after the completion of the restoration by M. Coty

It was the so-called Marly Machine that brought about the building of a dwelling on the site of the present house. This machine was constructed for Louis XIV, in 1684, by le Chevalier Arnold de Ville, of Liége. Its object was to transport the waters of the Seine to the fountains of Versailles. The house of the controller of these waterworks was erected at the summit of the slope up which were laid the water-pipes. About 1708 this became a popular residential district for the Versailles aristocracy, on account of the proximity of the royal Château de Marly which, at that time, was greatly *à la mode*. Mlle de Clermont, granddaughter of Louis XIV, and the Duc de Penthièvre were among those who owned the estate of Louveciennes. It eventually became the property of the King on the death of the Prince de Lamballe, son of the Duc de Penthièvre.

When Madame du Barry entered into possession she at once called upon Claude-Nicolas Ledoux to erect, a few hundred metres distant from the château, the Pavillon de Louveciennes. Ledoux, Architecte du Roi, was one of the most talented architects of his age, yet he gained

(*Continued on page* 178)



FAITHFUL REPRODUCTION: *Left*—A water-colour drawing by Moreau le Jeune depicting the supper given on December 27, 1771, by Madame Du Barry in honour of Louis XV. The architectural features of the drawing proved invaluable to M. Coty's assistants, who followed the details with the closest attention when restoring the vestibule, which is seen (*on right*) as it is to-day

HIGHLIGHTS of PARLIAMENT IN 1938:

Legislation of Importance During the Past Year: The Hire-Purchase Act a Most Spectacular Measure

By W. J. BROWN

PARLIAMENT last year passed rather less than its usual quota of legislation. But taking into consideration the cumbrous nature of its procedure, and the time taken up last session with international affairs—questions as well as debates—the result is not bad. There was no measure which excited half the popular interest that was roused, for example, by A. P. Herbert's Divorce Act in 1937. But a good deal of useful, if unpretentious, work was done.

The major Act of the year was the Coal Act, which, though it met with great opposition in both Houses, and especially in the Lords, affects only the coal owners directly. The coal royalties were valued on the basis of fifteen years' purchase, and while that sum is to be paid to the coal owners, the coal royalties are to be taken out of private ownership and vested in the Coal Commission.

The measure likely to affect most people is the Hire-Purchase Act, and this was due to the energy and persistence of a private member, Miss Ellen Wilkinson, who produced such a good case that the Government offered the assistance of the Parliamentary draughtsmen to produce a workable measure. This method of trading is unobjectionable when it is honestly conducted, but its abuses had become scandalous. High-pressure salesmanship and unscrupulous methods were exploiting a class of people who were least able to look after their own interests. All ordinary hire-purchase transactions on goods up to £100 in value are protected by the Act. The seller must inform the buyer of the cash price of the goods, and there must be a memorandum of the agreement signed by both parties and a copy sent to the buyer. Two particularly notorious evils are remedied by the Act.

The first relates to the quality of the goods supplied. Generally speaking, when a shop sells an article there is a warranty of fitness. That means in common language that you can take it back if it is no good. Unscrupulous hire-purchase firms used to insert in their agreements, which are seldom read and still more seldom understood, a clause excluding any warranty as to the fitness of the goods they supplied. This cannot now be done.

The second evil was what was known as the "snatch-back" clause. This was inserted so that if the hirer failed to pay an instalment, then the goods became the property of the seller, together with the instalments already paid. It frequently happened that a hirer had paid, say, £20 on £25 worth of goods. If he then failed to pay one instalment he lost everything. Now, provided one-third of the instalments have been paid before the hirer defaults, the owner must bring an action to recover the goods, and the Court has the power to make such an order as may be just, for instance allowing the hirer to keep part of the goods.

It is becoming more and more true that you cannot do what you will with your own property, and the power to leave it by will as you choose is now curtailed. In several other countries there are restrictions on posthumous spite or injustice, and the Inheritance (Family Provision) Act is modelled on New Zealand legislation. It operates to protect a surviving spouse, an infant child, an unmarried daughter, or a child who is mentally or physically incapable of maintaining itself. If the Court thinks that adequate provision has not been made for the dependent relatives out of the estate it may provide for them, but not more than one-third of the estate is available for that purpose when there is only one dependant left, and not more than two-thirds when there are more than one. And the Court can consider the independent means of the survivors, and their conduct to the testator in his lifetime. This may lead to washing of family linen in public, but it will prevent unjust claims under the Act.

A very useful Act for the protection of poor householders is the Leasehold Property (Repairs) Act. It had been found profitable by certain unscrupulous persons, especially in South Wales, to buy up the reversion of poor property with a long lease to run, and present the tenants with an exorbitant bill for repairs, with the alternative of forfeiture of the lease. Now, if the property is under £100 in rateable value and there are five or more years of lease to run, the tenant can claim the benefit of the Act, and no action can be brought without leave of the Court.

The majority of this work, and nearly all the responsibility of administering the Hire-Purchase Act, will fall on the County Courts. These have grown enormously in usefulness, and the scope of their jurisdiction has been much increased since their early days, when they were regarded as mere debt-collecting agencies. By the Administration of Justice (Miscellaneous Provisions) Act, they can now try claims up to £200 in value. This same Act has also provided that lawyers may be appointed at a salary as Chairmen of Quarter Sessions to strengthen the lay magistrates. Where this is done the range of offences which can be tried at Quarter Sessions is extended.

Industrial legislation has been very varied. The bacon industry has been rationalised; the sea-fishing industry, especially herring fishery, has been organised, and the hours of work of those employed in the baking industry have been brought more into line with other trades. A measure entitled the Holidays with Pay Act has also been passed. This sounds rather better than it is, for it is only an enabling, and not a compulsory measure. Trade Boards and Agricultural Wages Committees are given the power to formulate schemes of holidays with pay, and if these conform with the Act they have the force of law. It is estimated that wage earners, including salaried workers and domestic servants, to the number of 8,750,000 have holidays with pay. The Cinematograph Films Act has also been passed, to secure a certain quota of British films.

Housing has been dealt with by the Housing (Financial Provisions) Act, empowering contributions from the Exchequer to be granted to local authorities, and the needs of the agricultural population have been specially catered for. Those owning small house property will have also noted the Rent Restrictions Act, which carries the decontrol of rent a step farther.

IN OLD MANRESA:

Impressions by Frank L. Emanuel of this Catalan Town that Fell into the Hands of the Spanish Insurgent Forces During Last Week's Big Drive

CROWNING A ROCKY BLUFF above the River Cardoner in the old Catalan town of Manresa is the collegiate church of Santa Maria de la Seo. A drawing by Frank L. Emanuel, who visited the town before it was engulfed in the civil war. Manresa, which is the second most important industrial centre in Barcelona Province, was captured on January 23 by General Valino, commanding the army corps of Maestrazgo. *On right* —A glimpse of the varied architecture to be encountered in Manresa

RELIC of the ROMAN ERA

The narrow, high-backed stone bridge of the Roman era that spans the River Cardoner at Manresa. The Romans called the place Munorisa and it was evidently of much importance in their day

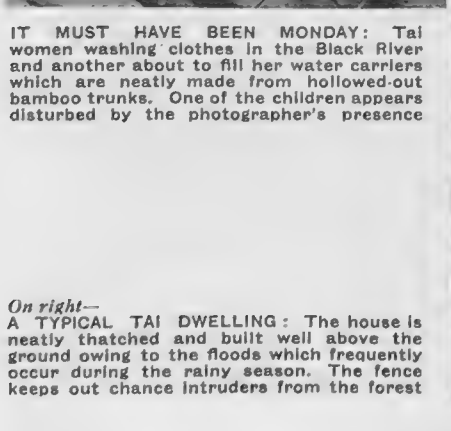
WHERE WOMEN W

Life Among the Tai People of Indo-China

WOMAN OF ALL WORK: A Tai woman of the Black River region c to the river to draw water. Across her shoulders is slung a sto of hollowed-out bamboo, while riding behind her in evident com as she goes about her work in the fields and in the hou

TO INDICATE HER MARRIED STATE this woman of the Tai tribe wears a bun on the top of her head, whereas a young girl would wear it on the nape of her neck. The Tais live on the Papien Ho (Black River) in the northern region of French Indo-China, not far from the borders of Yunnan in China proper. They are an agricultural people, existing for the most part by raising rice and Indian corn, but it is the women who do all the work, the men suffering from a seemingly incurable laziness

On right—
SORTING THE COCOONS: The Tais are clever sericulturists and the silk industry adds not a little to their prosperity. Here again, however, the women do the bulk of the work, the men refusing to labour after 8 o'clock in the morning owing to the intense heat. They spend the rest of the time either playing games of chance or smoking their long bamboo water pipes



IT MUST HAVE BEEN MONDAY: Tai women washing clothes in the Black River and another about to fill her water carriers which are neatly made from hollowed-out bamboo trunks. One of the children appears disturbed by the photographer's presence

On right—
A TYPICAL TAI DWELLING: The house is neatly thatched and built well above the ground owing to the floods which frequently occur during the rainy season. The fence keeps out chance intruders from the forest

WORK AND MEN LAZE

over region of northern Indo-China pictured on her way down
slung a stout pole suspended from which are the containers
evident comfort is the baby who invariably accompanies her
in the house. The Tai men do little or nothing to help

A STUDY IN ORIENTAL ELEGANCE:

The perfect poise of this Tai maiden of northern Indo-China is something of a revelation when it is considered how hard she has to work and how little leisure she has for devoting to her personal appearance. From the break of dawn to late at night the women labour in the fields and in their homes, serving their indolent menfolk with an almost slavish sense of duty. The Tais of the Black River are an intelligent people, as witness their ingenious system of irrigating the rice fields. They are extremely superstitious, though, and outside every village one finds miniature houses (fully equipped and stocked with food), where it is hoped the evil spirits will reside instead of entering the village itself. When one of their number dies the Tai people cremate the body, placing the ashes in an urn which is hidden by the family in a secret place in the mountains. Over the spot where the cremation takes place a hut is erected and the dead person's clothes are hung on poles

EARLY SCOTTISH FASHIONS

TARTAN COAT, TREWS, AND PLAID OF 1744: One of a number of early Scottish costumes which are arousing interest at the Royal Academy Exhibition of Scottish Art at Burlington House. This example was acquired by an English Jacobite when he crossed the border to find whether the clans would rise

A HOLYROOD BALL COSTUME OF 1745: A magnificent silk dress with a floral design embroidered by Margaret Oliphant, wife of Patrick Graham of Inchbrakie. She wore the gown when dancing with Prince Charles Edward. It has been lent to the Scottish Art Exhibition by Mrs. W. Greenhill-Gardyne

AT THE ACADEMY EXHIBITION

A HIGHLAND LADY'S MARRIAGE COSTUME: The dress and plaid are of home-spun "hard" tartan, and the dress is lined with linen made from lint grown and spun in the Aird district of Inverness-shire. The original owner was one, Isabella Fraser, and the date of the costume is about the year 1730

THE Royal Academy Exhibition of Scottish Art has been an eye-opener in many ways, for it has not only revealed the wealth of talent among Scotland's painters—particularly the portraitists—but the craftsmanship of her silversmiths, her bookbinders, her armourers, and her needleworkers.

Another side of the exhibition that calls for particular attention, and which has already been dealt with on one occasion in THE SPHERE, is that concerning fashions. These form a study in themselves, the many portraits and actual costumes on view at Burlington House affording a wonderful conspectus of what men and women wore during three centuries.

A particularly interesting exhibit in the large South Room (writes Iris Brooke) is that of a complete costume, consisting of tartan coat, trews, and plaid. This actual costume was acquired by Sir John Hynde Cotton on his visit to Scotland in 1744, and has remained in possession of his descendants ever since.

Also among the examples of real clothes worn during the first half of the eighteenth century are two contrasting but both extremely fine women's gowns.

In case 677 is a beautifully embroidered gown worn by Margaret Oliphant, wife of Patrick Graham, when she attended the Holyrood ball and danced with Prince Charles Edward in the year 1745. The embroideries, which she herself worked, represent garlands of multi-coloured flowers growing from a twisting branch. It is perhaps a pity that this gown has not been displayed over a hoop, as had this been done the overskirt would have been lifted in the correct contemporary manner to form a Λ, which showed more of the very beautiful work on the skirt beneath.

The other gown, of about 1730 or earlier, was originally worn as a marriage costume by a Highland lady. The dress is made from home-spun "hard" tartan, lined and worn over a home-spun white linen. The plaid is fastened by a ring and silver brooch, and the whole costume is an excellent record of the Scotswoman's ability (at that time) to clothe herself in hand-made materials. The gown is beautifully finished even to the tiny tucks and pleats at the back—a charming and typical detail of early eighteenth-century fashions.

Also meriting mention is a painting by Richard Waitt of Kenneth, 3rd Lord Duffus, the picture representing Lord Duffus wearing a particularly striking coat of scarlet—punctured and slashed in an unusual manner. Red also predominates in his plaid and tartan hose.

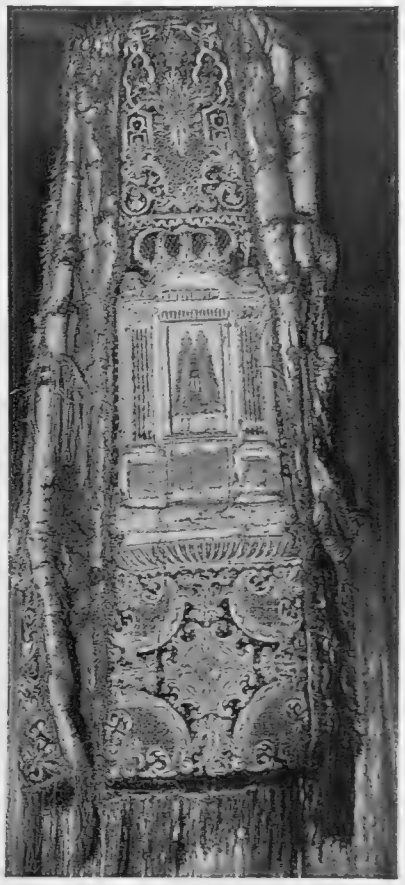
TUNIC OF A UNIFORM DESIGNED FOR THE ROYAL ARCHERS in the second half of the eighteenth century

On left—
KENNETH, 3rd LORD DUFFUS: This portrait by Richard Waitt constitutes one of the earliest representations of Highland dress. Lord Duffus had an adventurous career, for after taking part in the 1715 rebellion he was confined in the Tower and later became Admiral in the Russian Imperial Navy

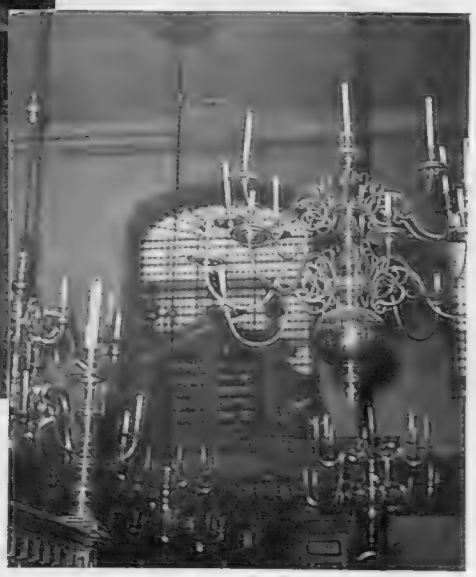
On right—
IN HIGHLAND BONNET AND TARTAN TREWS: Raeburn's portrait of Sir Evan Murray-MacGregor of MacGregor (1785-1841) who later became a Major-General and a Governor of the Windward Islands

SPANISH JEWRY IN LONDON

SPANISH DANCES ARE DANCED WITH SKILL AND EXPERT KNOWLEDGE by the girls who go to the Sefardite centre in Holland Park. The word Sefardite relates to the "Sepher Torah," the ancient manuscript of the Hebrew Law and the greatest treasure which the Spanish Jews took into exile when they were persecuted in medieval days and driven to seek sanctuary abroad. To day there are still a great many descendants of the Sefardites living in London



THE RICHLY-EMBROIDERED SACRED CLOTH THAT COVERS THE SCROLL OF THE LAW in the Spanish synagogue in Bevis Marks in London's East End where Jews of Spanish origin worship in large numbers. *Below* — Some of the old Spanish chandeliers adorning the synagogue



On left— LIFTING UP THEIR VOICES in rendering Spanish songs at the Sefardite centre in Holland Park. These youngsters clearly reveal their Spanish origin, although centuries have elapsed since their forefathers were compelled to leave Spain. It was in 1492 that Ferdinand and Isabella drove 400,000 Jews from the Peninsula, and thereafter they settled in many parts of Europe, but mainly in the Balkans. When Cromwell was in power he permitted Spanish Jews to settle in England provided they did not compete with our merchants, and in all respects behaved as exemplary citizens

A LEADER OF HIS PEOPLE: This picture of Sir Moses Montefiore hangs in the Bevis Marks synagogue. Sir Moses, who lived from 1784 to 1885, was the first western Jew of eminence to promote Jewish colonisation in Palestine

THE PICK

From a drawing made in September 1938

THE STATELY TREE-SHADED HOMES OF WHITEHALL GARDENS as they were before the fiat went forth that they should be demolished to make way for the erection of a monster block of offices which, when completed, is to accommodate between 5,000 and 6,000 civil servants and at least four Government departments, the cost being £1,750,000. Lovers of old London cannot help but regret this change, for Whitehall Gardens is a place of many memories as in Tudor and Caroline days there was a royal palace there

† *Gwydyr House*

A SCENE OF DESOLATION: This where employees of the Office which is to occupy the site move is doubtful as the herding

AN UNHAPPY COMPARISON: This is the Whitehall Gardens site as it appears now that the housebreakers have almost completed their task. The picture is taken from nearly the same angle as the drawing immediately above it, the back of the United Service Club being visible on the right of each view. This block is not to be disturbed

PEMBROKE HOUSE IN ITS HALF-DEMOLISHED STATE and (*left*) as it was last autumn before the work of demolition began to make way for the new Government offices. Pembroke House was built by the 10th Earl of Pembroke in the eighteenth century and was famed for its fine plasterwork

The people of London have of recent years witnessed regretfully a host of changes that they could justly inveigh against—changes that have inevitably brought with them a very real sense of personal loss. Now it is Whitehall's turn, and already the west side of that stately thoroughfare is undergoing an extraordinary metamorphosis with the demolition of Whitehall Gardens to make way for a giant block of offices. When the scheme was first mooted there was an outcry, and as a result there were modifications which certainly tend to make the proposed building more acceptable. The building will occupy the rectangular space bounded by Whitehall, Horse Guards Avenue, Richmond Terrace, and the Victoria Embankment.

FALLS ON WHITEHALL GARDENS:

Demolishing Historic Buildings to Make Way For the Monster Offices Which Will Accommodate Four Ministries

↑ *United Service Club* ↑ *Banqueting Hall*

picture, which was taken only a few days ago, shows the present aspect of Whitehall Gardens of Works are now completing demolition to make way for the block of government offices and will completely dominate this area. Whether the erection of such a block is a wise together of 5,000 or more people would constitute a definite danger in time of war

A MECHANICAL TREE-CUTTER sawing up one of the big plane trees that have been felled within the Gardens. *On right*—The Nell Gwyn mulberry tree beside which, legend has it, Charles II used to pay court to his favourite. It is to be preserved

↑ *War Office*

DEMOLISHING THE LAST BOW WINDOW at the southern end of Whitehall Gardens. *On right*—A stack of demolished woodwork surrounding the famous Nell Gwyn mulberry tree on the lawns, once the Privy Gardens of Charles II

IN A HAPPY HOUSE

Colour Creates Restful Harmonies and Beauty is in Small Things

THERE can be no mistake about the atmosphere of a house. It dominates schemes of decoration and the arrangement of valuable things, and either it is warm and welcoming, or the house has failed utterly in its purpose. It is something intangible, built up of colour and pleasing grouping, and reflecting the character of its owners.

The newest way of handling colour is to use it lavishly but not with startling results. There is a definite vogue for two pastel shades used on separate walls to give an impression of distance and space, and the same blending is sometimes carried out in curtains, but in the majority of cases many tones of a basic colour are blended in one room, with perhaps one or two small accents to give them their full value. In a peach-toned room the curtains might be terra-cotta, with cushions ranging from amber to tomato, and just one oblong one in a grey-blue bordered with nigger to match an occasional chair. The effect is restful but warm.

These enchanting Danish knitters, their expression so intent, their modelling so perfect, their colouring so rich and satisfying, are made in Royal Copenhagen porcelain. They would fire the imagination of any collector, for they have many equally charming, though dissimilar, companions. The puppy is human in its appeal

The Chinese Bride, in over-glaze decoration, is a magnificent work by Gerhard Henning. Its colouring is vividly alive, the symmetry of the design is full of vigour, and the fine modelling of the faces and hands is unbelievably sensitive

An unusual but pleasing result is achieved in a sunny room by curtains and chairs of a warm pink-beige, with grey-blue cushions and pelmet drapes, and small chairs in lime-green piped with prune.

For the most part cushions are made of plain taffeta with contrasting pipings. Small ones, square and oblong used together, are far more popular than large squares, and while there is only slight variation in the toning of the silk, the pipings can be as vivid and unexpected as you like.

For curtains, satin leads the way. Striped satins, plain ones, and heavy ribbed weaves. Of them all, the ribbed ones wear best, and they are particularly suitable in a room where the divan cover matches the curtains, for the material is to all intents and purposes uncrushable and is not harmed by constant folding.

Here are reproductions of a porcelain group from the factory's earliest period, and a dessert plate and fruit basket from the famous "Flora Danica" service. The original belongs to the Danish Royal House and is now one of the gems of the porcelain collection in Rosenborg Castle at Copenhagen

Here are some charming gifts, especially for those who wish to spend only a few shillings, but whose taste is impeccable: Craquelé porcelain, mainly in tones of grey or grey-green and red, with decorations in gold or black and gold. All the porcelain on this page can be seen at 6, Old Bond Street, London

A group of Royal Copenhagen animals which clearly shows their perfect characterisation. Dogs are favourites, perhaps, but other animals can be bought, too, quite inexpensively. They make wonderful presents, which can be added to year by year

Designed by Christian Joachim, this exquisite dinner service has great dignity and charm. There are two variations, one of which is considerably less expensive than the other, but it should not be imagined that all Royal Copenhagen table-wear is costly. On the contrary, dinner services for six can be bought for a little less than £3

For quiet evenings by the fire, or for dinner at home, this silk jersey rest gown would be ideal. The belt starts from a loose back panel and holds in place the folds of the full front, and it is trimmed with appliqués of gold kid embroidered with jewelled stones. It comes from Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, W.

WHITE RUSSIANS HOLD THEIR NEW YEAR RITES ON BROADWAY

British Players Chosen for Leading Roles in Hollywood's Screen Version of Emily Brontë's "Wuthering Heights"

HAILING 1939 IN THE MANNER OF THEIR FOREFATHERS: White Russian members of the cast of a Broadway play gathered round a table in their greenroom where, on January 13, they observed the Russian New Year in traditional fashion. They wrote their wishes on slips of paper, burnt the slips over a candle, and then swallowed the ashes, washing them down with glasses of vodka. In the centre, jotting down her wish, is Tamara, the well-known musical comedy actress

ELLEN, THE FAITHFUL SERVITOR, is being played by Flora Robson in Samuel Goldwyn's screen version of Emily Brontë's *Wuthering Heights* which is now being made in Hollywood. Miss Robson has become rather a favourite with American cinema-goers since her fine performance as Queen Elizabeth in *Fire Over England*, being recognised as a character actress of unusual ability

LAURENCE OLIVIER GETS A BIG CHANCE in playing the part of Heathcliffe in the Hollywood film of *Wuthering Heights*, a novel so magnificently dramatic and vital in character that it is a wonder no talking-film producer has hitherto made use of its possibilities. Olivier's acting on the English screen has been consistently good and Hollywood should further his reputation

LEADING LIGHTS AT SADLER'S WELLS, where *Il Trovatore* was well received when presented on January 25, for the first time this season. *Left*—Edith Coates, the contralto, as Azucena, the gipsy girl, and Roderick Lloyd as Ferrando, the Count's servant. *Right*—Redvers Llewellyn, the young Welsh baritone, makes an imposing figure as Count di Luna, villain of Cammerano's romantic tragedy

"SHE STOOPS TO

ON STAGE AND SCREEN

By

PHILIP PAGE

WHY Goldsmith's cheery comedy, *She Stoops to Conquer*, should not have been the Christmas holiday revival at the Old Vic instead of the much less suitable *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, I would not care to say. Fortunately, it has come at last, and if shouts of continuous laughter mean anything it should run a long time.

What a fine old play this is! The humanity of Goldsmith outweighs the elegance of Sheridan; but both have wit. It is a pity that we see nowadays so little of eighteenth-century comedy in London. In pre-war days there was the famous Compton Comedy Company (Miss Fay Compton is a member of the family) which kept the lamp burning for years. Beerbohm Tree's revival of *The School for Scandal* at His Majesty's was on a magnificent scale and caused much talk at the time. Most of the females in the cast were very young and most of the males very old (it was the only time I ever saw Herman Vezin, who must have been eighty or more) which led Tree, who played Sir Peter Teazle, to refer in his speech to "hims ancient and hers modern," a very characteristic *mot*.

Goldsmith in the Waterloo Road is not done with the elaborate costliness of Sheridan in the Haymarket. But I have never seen a performance of *She Stoops to Conquer* which has given me more joy. If economy has been exercised there is no aggressive manifestation of it, for the scenery is at least adequate, and the costumes are very good indeed. It is the perfection of the acting, however, which matters. The performances of practically every member of the company put well to bed the silly legend that no modern actors and actresses can play classical comedy because the tradition was broken years ago when there died some veteran member of the Bancrofts' company who had known some actor who had appeared as a very young man with a very old actor who had acted as a very young man with the original Charles Surface; or something of that sort. All nonsense, anyway.

Tradition or no, Miss Ursula Jeans is the best Kate Hardcastle I have ever seen or ever hope to see, and the same may be said for Mr. George Benson's Tony and for Mr. John Mills, Mr. Edward Chapman, and that superb comedienne in any age or style, Miss Margaret Yarde. The play is given at a swift pace and with an air of bustling farce, which is as it should be given.

Strindberg, Schnitzler and Barrie.—Anyone whose sides have ached overmuch with honest laughter and who feels that this old world can be a merry place at times and who stands in need of a dismal antidote should visit the Westminster Theatre and see Strindberg's one-act play, *Miss Julie*. It is true that this is not the whole programme, which also includes Barrie's *The Will* (a far finer play, but crabbed and bitter), and a small Schnitzler episode which is intended to be airy and sparkling and light-hearted but had the most depressing effect upon me. Not so depressing, though, as Strindberg, whose American alias, if ever he had one, must have been George W. Gloom.

"Drab life below stairs" would be a fitting title for it. I notice that some highly intelligent people, quite honestly, no doubt, see in this play all sorts of deep stuff, and even the killing of a greenfinch is alleged to be symbolic. The author himself describes this story of a young girl who was seduced, not at all against her will, by one of her father's footmen, grew to loathe him, not because he was a servant, but because he had an unutterably common soul, and after oceans of talk on the part of both of them, committed suicide. The author described this as a "naturalistic tragedy." A tragedy, of course, it is; but if the word "naturalistic" has anything to do with nature (and I do not see what else it can mean), I venture to dispute the label, not because real people do not get themselves in that type of tangle—they do—but because they neither act that way nor talk that way when they are in one.

The length of the thing and its verbosity are the main faults. Since it has for years been a classic in its way, the revival of *Miss Julie* may be considered part of the serious policy of the London Mask Theatre, who are now operating at the Westminster. The L.M.T. are doing big work for the Drama with a big D, and I regret that their previous production, *Marco Millions* — a brilliantly satirical play, very well done —met with so little support. And I can never forget that it was at the Westminster last year that that consummate masterpiece, *Volpone*, was so beautifully produced. If Strindberg is really the right card to play, so much the better. But I doubt it.

And Barrie's fine playlet about a man whose heart hardened at the same time as his arteries was hardly a gloom-chaser.

"Magyar Melody."—If you look up Lloyd's Register of Shipping you will, on almost every page, find the name of a ship, with another name, prefixed by "ex-," printed after it in brackets. That means, of course,

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY COMEDY IN THE WATERLOO ROAD: Mrs. Hardcastle (Margaret Yarde), Tony Lumpkin (George Benson), and Constance Neville (Pamela Brown) in the Old Vic production of Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer*, which is reviewed above by Philip Page

CONQUER"

A Triumph of Production at the Old Vic

that it is an old ship, possibly painted up a bit, and with a fresh crew. S.S. *Magyar Melody* (ex-*Paprika*) was launched amid plenty of goodwill at His Majesty's the other night; for goodwill is apt to attend those who live up to the "if at first you don't succeed, try, try again" principle.

With all the goodwill in the world I cannot forbear from remarking that this was an old ship from the first, with creaking timbers and clanking machinery, for all its gay paint. And now, of course, it is a still older one. The plot, which remains much the same, is laborious and not remarkably dramatic (though more successful musical comedies have had worse ones); the humour was always on the poor side, and the fact that there are now rather cleverer comic folk to wrestle with it does not seem to make a vast amount of difference.

Miss Stella Arbenina repeats her dignified performance as the hapless Empress Elisabeth of Austria; (I wonder whether Miss Wanda Rotha, who has been playing the Empress Elisabeth at the Garrick, has been to see her or whether Miss Arbenina has seen Miss Rotha). Mr. Lawrence Anderson and Mr. Arthur Margetson, good actors both, have joined the cast but are given few real opportunities to distinguish themselves. Most valuable among the new members of the crew is that delightful person, Miss Binnie Hale, who is, more accurately, the captain. If so true a genius cannot pilot this unwieldy Hungarian craft safely into the harbour of commercial success, then nobody can. Her sure touch, her beautiful voice, well up to operatic standard (in fact she sang a prima donna right off the stage, so to speak, in a recent revue) and her powerful acting should, with a bit of luck, help along the miracle.

CONSTANCE BENNETT in a striking costume which she wears in Universal's *Service de Luxe* which is to be presented at the Odeon, Leicester Square, on Monday, February 6

BINNIE HALE RETURNS TO MUSICAL COMEDY in *Magyar Melody*. "If so true a genius cannot pilot this unwieldy craft safely into the harbour of commercial success, then nobody can," writes Philip Page

FRANCE HAS PRODUCED YET ANOTHER STAR for her bright constellation of feminine film players in the person of Annie Ducaux, who is seen here in a dramatic episode in *Conflit*, one of the pictures included in the French season which has been proving an attraction at the Carlton

"Tony Draws a Horse."—If little Tony Fleming, aged eight, existed in real life, he would at once have been given a hard spanking or sent to some institution where they deal with sexual precociousness, or both. The Tony of fiction is the basis of Lesley Storm's farcical comedy at the Criterion, and we do not see him at all, which is just as well, for he must have been a horrid lad. His hobby was drawing things on walls—things which are not talked about in polite society. On the wall of the house of his father, who was a respectable doctor, he drew a horse which his mother, in the person of Miss Diana Churchill, diplomatically described as "complete," which, I imagine, did not merely mean that it had the usual number of legs.

His father thought Tony should be punished, but his mother stuck up for her nasty brat and there was a row which ended in Mrs. Fleming spending a night (though not a "complete" one) in Dieppe with another man. They drank cheap champagne in a café in which a man fired revolver shots at the picture of a sailor who had run off with *his* wife. A minor farcical adventure was that some pompous Englishman lost his trousers and another Englishman lost his temper.

Miss Lilian Braithwaite, as Mrs. Fleming's mother, passed adorably and comically over everything and everybody, and the fun—which really was fun of a sort, though from any detailed description it sounds like midsummer madness—was brought to a close by little Tony making a still more "complete" drawing, complete not only in the sense that it included members of his own family. His expertness, by the way, had become public property, for a woman journalist (cleverly played by Miss Beryl Measor) appeared and interviewed the family on the subject of Tony. This journalist was a human being, and an intelligent one, in contrast to the comic duffer of a reporter introduced into a play the previous night to represent the press by a rather better-known author of whom the press has for years been lavish in its praise.

A farrago of queerness of this type has to be brightly written if it is to be tolerable. Lesley Storm is here in a brighter mood than she was when she wrote a sort of war play, produced at Daly's Theatre, which did not have, I remember, the success it deserved. *Tony Draws a Horse* belongs to the *George and Margaret* and *French Without Tears* stable, and it may be a good omen that it is playing at the theatre where the latter ran for years. The Criterion is just the right size for it, and is a comfortable spot for laughing in if one is not too exhausted after descending those innumerable stairs to the stalls level.

The acting is almost flawless. Miss Braithwaite has had better parts (of the same type as this) and for the greater part of the play simply had to wear a worried look, through no fault of her own, which grew rather monotonous, though no actress can look worried so comically. Miss Churchill, after a spell of musical comedy, has returned to her true *métier*; she has almost everything in her favour for this sort of job—good looks, charm, a sense of humour, and a characteristic incisiveness which is fundamentally necessary. And she can skate on thinnish ice with skill.

Some admirable performances came also from Mr. Cyril Raymond, as the outraged doctor, from Mr. James Harcourt as an elderly reader of newspapers for the young, from Mr. Ben Wright as a Dieppe waiter, and, above all, from Mr. Anthony Holles, as an odd foreign Communist, grateful, unlike most Communists, for something or other.

A quaint evening. Possibly the quaintest point about it is that a clean play should have been written about a dirty picture.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

BEVERLEY NICHOLS HAS A DIG AT THEATRICAL FOLK

"Revue," a Smooth Success Story of the Stage with a Touch of Satire

By VERNON FANE

MR. BEVERLEY NICHOLS'S new novel is REVUE (Jonathan Cape. 7s. 6d.) and perhaps of all English novelists he is the best qualified to write of that glittering, evanescent and too frequently tedious form of entertainment. For Mr. Nichols is himself the author of more than one revue, and knows the interminable auditions and conferences which precede its productions, the futile all-night sittings, and the first night itself, when the author (or authors) hover between suicidal depression and the unbelievable hope that the show may be "getting over."

If not from his own experience, at least from the tales of colleagues Mr. Nichols is aware of these things, and for all his unshakable belief that Providence is far more like a fairy godmother than the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street he has succeeded in producing a very nearly credible account of the manner in which a London revue is prepared and produced.

The account is not quite credible because, even apart from the author's commendable conviction that the good in human nature always triumphs ultimately, he would also have us believe that a young man may arrive from Australia with a few undistinguished letters of introduction and in a few months be producing music, lyrics, "book" and all, a brilliant West End revue. It may be a further proof of Mr. Nichols's good nature that he thinks such things likely, but it is also a proof that this is not so much a novel as a fairy story.

Virtue triumphs with a toss of a pale gold head, and the sound of a voice like "a silver flute echoing over a valley that was golden with flowers." The little chorus girl steps into the leading lady's shoes at the last minute and has an immense success. The unknown youth from Australia is the author of the most popular entertainment in London, and villainy, in the over-scented person of Miss Thelma Ganges (she drinks, too), is finally worsted.

Nevertheless, in the course of this smoothest of success stories, Mr. Nichols takes his opportunities for more than one shrewd dig at the people of the theatre. He likes them, his attitude seems to imply, but he also has a sense of satire, and where better can that be exercised than in observing their foibles? He observes them, and with point.

In fact, if one could dwell on the humour and disregard the whimsy, this would be a lively and amusing book. As it is, I have passed through the stage, which may well have existed thirty years ago, of seeing the force or charm of such paragraphs as this: "It was a day to fill one's room with flowers . . . a day for making mixed bunches of double cherry and white lilac and plum blossom and narcissi. A day for going just a little mad." Well, well . . .

Miss E. M. Delafield's new book is a collection of three *nouvelles*, long short stories, if that is not too paradoxical a description, and unrelated to each other except that they all deal with women who find romance after marriage. I think they might well be called romances all in all, since each story is concerned only with the emotions of love and remorse.

THREE MARRIAGES (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.) is Miss Delafield's most important book for some years, if one excepts those amusing squibs about provincial ladies which delight us from time to time. These stories recapture a little of that atmosphere of sadness and frustration and fidelity which made an earlier novel, *Turn Back the Leaves*, memorable to me.

Two of them have happy endings, the last an effect of growing nightmare, but all have the same theme, the same preoccupation. In a woman's life a man's love is the vital factor, and here is a book dedicated to an exposition of that theory.

Miss Delafield has chosen to write of three periods with a forty-year gap between them. The first is 1857, and the story deals with a young girl who, on the night before her wedding, puts her doll to bed as usual. She is brought up in the Victorian tradition of innocence and ignorance, married very young to a man, not only twice her age, but in love with her mother, and shipped off to follow his regiment to India.

Before she sails, however, Rose Barlow meets a young Frenchman and they fall desperately in love. Desperately, because neither thinks that there is or ever could be any hope of their happiness together. Rose leaves England and is only settled in Cawnpore a few months before the Mutiny breaks out and she is caught in that terrible shambles from which, out of 1,000, there was only a handful of survivors.

Her husband is killed, and Rose, after enduring great suffering and seeing the most tragic and unforgettable sights, comes safely back to England and her real love. This, to my mind, is the best of the three stories, although the outline appears conventional, because of the strength with which it is written. The scenes in Cawnpore among the women and children, and in the burning boats as they drifted under gunfire on the Ganges are written with a force and a vividness that is quite startling. Not so did the lady novelists of myth and legend wring our withers!

Girl-of-the-period, and that period 1897, is more amusing, rather slick and not at all moving. The girl selected by Miss Delafield to epitomise the age is a chilly, humourless prig, and the fact that the author knows it and enjoys caricaturing her, hardly makes her story more sympathetic. But there are one or two mildly funny situations and, as a climax, a knock-down-drag-out fight between two rival girls of gentle birth that did my old heart good. I commend it to you as the story's high spot.

Another leap of forty years and we are in the present day and in the most hopeless and miserable of love stories which never, we are left to believe, does come right. It was courageous of Miss Delafield to end her book with this one, for she has run the risk of leaving the reader in a state of advanced depression or, more fatally, irritation, and that is perhaps a pity.

CORSICA'S ONLY KING: A Dutch caricature of Theodore, Baron von Neuhof, the gambler and adventurer who for a space ruled over this Mediterranean island and whose story is now told in Valerie Pirie's biography, *His Majesty of Corsica* (Collins. 18s.). Theodore is buried in a pauper's grave in St. Anne's Church, Wardour Street. A tablet affixed to the outer wall reads, "Near this place is interred Theodore, King of Corsica, who died in this parish, December 11th, 1756, immediately after leaving the King's Bench prison by the benefit of the Act of Insolvency; in consequence of which he registered His Kingdom of Corsica for the use of his creditors." The epitaph was written by Walpole, who had known Theodore in his heyday, when he was lionised by the society of 18th-century London

If you have never been in a winter sports village in November, or on a *plage* in February, you can have no idea of the extent of desolation which the reverse side of the familiar picture can offer. There is another aspect, too, as well as the purely physical one. The people who live in places with a limited season are inevitably affected by it, whether it is financially or emotionally.

The season ends, the visitors go home and the real inhabitants of the resort sigh with relief or regret, according to their dispositions or bank balances. It is an odd, dislocated kind of life and not perhaps the happiest choice for growing children. But it affords great contrasts and consequently is fair game to the novelist. It is such an existence that Miss Barbara Beauchamp has chosen for her book WITHOUT COMMENT (Arthur Barker. 7s. 6d.).

The Swiss village of Chaudenières had a winter season for skiers and a summer season of almost equal popularity for swimmers and walkers and tennis-players. It may have entertained some more passive "lookers" from time to time, for Switzerland is held to be a beautiful country, but that is an aspect of life for which the writer of this novel has no time. Miss Beauchamp is preoccupied, sometimes to a bewildering degree, as in a passage which I shall quote, with personal relationships, with personal actions, and with the most trivial of personal reactions.

One soon has the feeling that the author never loses sight of her characters, in the most exact sense of the word. She knows what they are doing twenty-four hours out of the twenty-four. Unfortunately, she often finds it necessary to let her reader know, too.

"The party went on. Donald and Denis Marshall got rather tight and began to squabble about the American girl, Diane. Nobody quite understood why, but Diane seemed to enjoy it. Janet noticed Pat drinking gin at the bar, with Peter in faithful attendance. Presently Phil and Margery Langley said they were tired and went up to their room. John remained downstairs and he and Janet went to have a drink in the lounge."

That kind of thing recurs, and is inclined to dull one's interest in the story itself, which is about a moderately affectionate and immoderately discontented family, each member pursuing his own happiness with no shadow of regard for the comfort of any other member. Most of them come croppers, which is easy enough to understand. What is less easy is to fathom why Miss Beauchamp chose to write a full-length novel about five people without a vestige of charm or intelligence between them.

A HEROINE FROM REAL LIFE

AUTHOR BEVERLEY NICHOLS AND ACTRESS FRANCES DAY whom he has taken as the central figure in his novel *Revue*, which has just been published by Jonathan Cape and has as its theme the manner in which a London musical show is prepared and produced. In a preface addressed to Frances Day Mr. Nichols freely admits that certain touches and certain incidents in the book identify the character of Fay Pearl with that of Miss Day, and, bearing this in mind, the reader will not find it difficult to discover passages that picture the Hippodrome's leading lady to the life. Take, for instance, the audition at which Fay first appears in the story:

"'Name?'

"'Fay Pearl.'

"As soon as Robin heard this absurd name, he sighed with relief. And he said to himself, 'That girl's got to be engaged.' To call herself 'Fay Pearl' was, in itself, a stroke of genius. It was inspired cheek. She *was* Fay Pearl. She couldn't be anything else. Particularly, when she spoke her name so exquisitely, in a sort of silver whisper, on an ascending scale . . . as though, really, it were foolish for men to ask her name.

"'Do you sing?'

"Very gently she inclined her head.

"'Dance?'

"She swept the ghost of a curtsy, and then studied her finger-nails. There was a moment's pause. Something strange seemed to be happening. For the first time in the auditorium, there was absolute silence. It was broken by Mr. Llewellyn. In normal circumstances he would have roared. But he too felt that there was something uncanny in the air. It was all most irregular.

"He knew that he ought to bawl somebody out. But his voice refused to bawl. Instead, it wheezed:

"'Say . . . what's all this? What *is* all this?'

"And then, the incredible. For Miss Pearl lifted her skirts, with a delicate gesture, as though she were a lady of high degree, stepping through the mud. She took three paces forward. She lifted her hands to her eyes (which were wide and innocent). And in the sweetest possible tones she said:

"'What is all *what*, Mr. Llewellyn?' . . .

"Llewellyn sniffed. Then he grunted, 'Do your stuff.'

"'I shall recite a poem.'

"'You'll . . . you'll . . .' Mr. Llewellyn's voice failed.

"'I said . . .' she spoke in one of those whispers which can sweep the world . . . 'I said that I should recite a poem.'

"And even as she spoke she clasped her hands behind her."

FLOODS CUT COMMUNICATIONS IN SUFFOLK: The railway line inundated near Bungay, in the Waveney Valley, where the water rose to alarming heights last week-end, many farm-houses being marooned. Bungay was all but cut off from the outside world, only the Beccles road remaining open

A CLOSE SHAVE for the Widdecombe school bus as it made its way along a lane near Widdecombe, Devon, the piled-up snow leaving the vehicle only just room enough to get by. There has been a tremendous snowfall in the West Country and a number of Somerset villages have been isolated for several days. Drifts on Exmoor are said to have reached 15 ft. in height

STORM HAVOC IN SOUTH WALES: Damaged telephone lines on the main Newport-Chepstow road. As a result, communication between Cardiff and the Midlands has been hampered

A MONSTER STRANDED: This transformer, which was being taken to York, was held up by the snow on Stanedge and unable to proceed on its way until the drifts had been cleared from the main highway linking Lancashire and Yorkshire

WINTER'S WILD WEATHER

Disrupts Communications in North, West, and East

PERSONALIA: Mr. MacDonald Receives Arab Leaders—The Cabinet Reshuffle—Death of Mr. W. B. Yeats

ARAB DELEGATES ARRIVE FOR VITAL PALESTINE TALKS: Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, the Colonial Secretary, escorting some of the visitors from Victoria Station when they reached London last Saturday preparatory to discussing possible measures for restoring peace in the Holy Land

THE NEW MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE—A POPULAR CHOICE: Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith, old Harrovian, ex-army officer, ex-president of the National Farmers' Union, and practical farmer, to whom Mr. Chamberlain has given the task of rehabilitating Britain's agricultural industry

A KEY POSITION: Major-General Wemyss, who has been made Director of Mobilisation, the appointment marking a further step forward in Mr. Hore-Belisha's elaborate scheme for the simplification and redistribution of War Office duties

"I SHALL BE PROUD TO SERVE UNDER HIS LEADERSHIP," said Admiral of the Fleet Lord Chatfield when he heard Mr. Chamberlain had appointed him to be Minister for the Co-ordination of Defence in the reshuffled Cabinet

"HE WED BRIGHT VISIONS TO GREAT SOUNDS": A recent portrait of Mr. W. B. Yeats, the Irish poet and dramatist, who died in the south of France last Saturday at the age of seventy-three. He will be best remembered for his much-quoted poem, *The Lake Isle of Innisfree*

ONE NEW STORE PER WEEK is a feature of the current year's programme of Woolworth's, whose chairman, Mr. W. L. Stephenson, is seen in this picture as he addressed stockholders at the annual meeting in London. Already there are more than 730 stores in the great chain

THE CHARM OF OLD BRISTOL

An Exhibition of Lord Methuen's Paintings of the Western City

THE SPANISH HOUSE, GRANBY HILL, AND THE ENTRANCE TO THE MERCHANT TAYLORS' HALL: Two impressions of old Bristol by Lord Methuen, whose series of paintings depicting unusual aspects of the city are being exhibited at Georgian House, Bristol's new museum, which is to be formally opened by Lord Balniel on February 11

Bristol has lately taken an increasing interest in her antiquities, and at the present moment an effort is being made to preserve some of her many 18th-century houses. Lord Methuen's exhibition, therefore, comes at an opportune moment, and many in the West Country will doubtless be visiting Georgian House—the former home of the Cole family and now the property of the Corporation—to see his series of pictures which show a fine sympathy with their subject

THE LATE MR. E. H. GODDARD

A NOTED JOURNALIST PASSES

The Death of Mr. Ernest Hope Goddard

With the passing of Mr. Ernest Hope Goddard, for many years assistant editor both of the *Illustrated London News* and of the *Sketch*, pictorial journalism loses an outstanding figure. Mr. Goddard, who was fifty-nine years of age, died at his home in Woburn Square, Bloomsbury, on January 23 after an illness of two or three months. He was the eldest son of the late Mr. Arthur Goddard, one-time editor of the *Lady's Pictorial*, and was educated privately and at the City of London School. He joined the editorial staff of The "Illustrated London News" and "Sketch," Ltd., in 1900. In 1905 he became assistant editor of the *Sketch*, and in 1909 of the *Illustrated London News*. During the war, while the editor, Captain Bruce S. Ingram, was serving in France, Goddard was acting editor; he also did much work for the Ministry of Information, for which he was made C.B.E., and afterwards for the News Department of the Foreign Office

THE QUILT-MAKERS OF COUNTY DURHAM

Skilled Work by Wives of the Unemployed: The Queen Buys Five Quilts for Windsor

The magnificent quilt work depicted here is being produced in their cottage homes by the wives of unemployed Durham miners, and it is clear that it reaches a wonderfully high standard of craftsmanship. Her Majesty the Queen recently bought five of these quilts for the Royal apartments at Windsor, the two smallest ones being for the beds of Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret. The traditional rose, feather, and shell motifs, which have been worked since Tudor days, are used with great effect

A TRIUMPH OF CRAFTSMANSHIP: A fine quilt made by the wives of unemployed Durham miners and (*on left*) women at work on a combination of the well-known feather, shell, and plain diamond motifs. Thanks to the Queen's interest their work is achieving recognition

CONTINUATIONS

be changed, nor M. Daladier, now that each has committed himself to a policy that the bulk of their respective countries is also standing by. I know that many in the United Kingdom have no use for the Prime Minister or his methods, yet the situation has so gone against us that I should imagine one is working now exclusively for Britain and for peace, and that to do this even very dear convictions may have to be sat upon.

I saw for myself in Rome what an international figure Mr. Chamberlain has become—foreigners think more of him than you do, and not only Fascist foreigners! His historic roof-saving of Munich looks like living long in the minds of men and women. Wherever he appeared in Rome the Prime Minister was clapped and vibrantly "evviva-d." One evening he came round the corner into the Piazza Barberini, in his long-windowed car with motor-cyclist patrol, and there was a spontaneous rush to applaud his passage by clapping the hands, an honour exclusively kept for the Pope. It was really interesting, this head of a democratic state arousing such sheer gladness in the streets of the capital of a totalitarian land. Not a thing organised about it, as for Hitler, yet how much warmer, more sincere, the greeting.

Interesting and maybe important. I am not one who tells you Rome's womenfolk were weeping, on the strength of a couple of snivelling Englishwomen; nor that Rome went wild, on the strength of the British colony nearly shouting the roof off the station, from their platform tribune. But I do like to play with such a flicker of light as this: "Even the Duce might have difficulty in ranging his Italians for a war on which Mr. Chamberlain would be on the other side. They would find it hard to believe that injustice was being done them—by Chamberlain."

IT'S UP TO SIGNOR MUSSOLINI NOW

(*Continued from page* 158)

And so to round up things with lighter fare—since one can only add that it is up to Mussolini now, and that one of the things one may hope will not be lost on him is that France, productress of possibly the best all-round soldiers twenty years ago, seems to have at long last found her man, with his "Je maintiendrai."

Mr. Chamberlain kept the correspondents going good and strong for the best part of three days, and much of each night.

How odd it was to see Union Jacks displayed in Rome but two years after sanctions! And how mentally uprooted the populace must be! One day told to hate the English as Italy's worst enemies, the next, invited to drape their windows in salutation of the self-same Inglesi.

Probably one reason Mr. Chamberlain managed to retain such freshness was that he could adjourn each night to the lovely Villa Madama, on Monte Mario outside the city, and commanding a view of the Campagna. From the Premier's window, on one side, the Vatican, on the other, the Foro Mussolini, clashing of two conceptions, the old and the new. One afternoon the Premier had to stand through two hours of "jerks" and warlike or Prunella motions by the Fascist young of both sexes, in the Foro Mussolini, and in the past one would have been inclined to laugh as companies of six- and eight-year-olds did their stuff with their little bayoneted muskets. But Mussolini has the laugh now, since the original six-year-olds that we laughed at, back in the '20's, are fast approaching an age when they will bear adult arms.

The visit to His Holiness was more in Mr. Chamberlain's and Lord Halifax's line—the latter's father had visited this same Pontiff in 1927, in connection with the by then defunct Malines conversations. The Pope thrilled the small British compa "He was nearly dead a week ago," one of them related, "but his energy and the muscular Christianity he uttered amazed us. As non-Catholics we were supposed to remain standing, after bowing twice as we approached. All I can say is that more than one was on his knees, including a professing atheist! Such was the spell of the Pope's personality."

THE RESTORATION OF THE DU BARRY'S HISTORIC HOME

(*Continued from page* 164)

surprisingly little recognition. Even now his work is insufficiently known. So, in choosing Ledoux as the architect of her pavilion, Madame du Barry showed exceptional judgment and instigated a new architectural style that prevailed throughout many changing influences.

The historic domain of the famous Du Barry was reconstructed in 1929 by the architect Mewes, under the direction of M. Coty. The original pavilion, like many other charming eighteenth-century dwellings, had been defaced and suffered so many repairs that it was found necessary to rebuild the edifice entirely.

In spite of all these drastic changes, M. Coty was determined to carry out his original plan of completely and faithfully restoring the Pavillon de Louveciennes. In order to do so it was first necessary to consult the architectural plans of Ledoux. Considerable time and trouble was expended in verifying these. The eventual discovery of the inventory made during the Revolution supplied M. Coty with a detailed description of the interior furnishing. With these documents he was able to proceed with the reconstruction and redecoration.

Money was of no object. Millions were spent in getting the best carpenters, joiners and silversmiths to carve faithfully in situ cornices, panelwork, door and window fittings, etc., exactly as they were during the time of the Du Barry. Furniture, tapestries, paintings, sculpture and priceless objets d'art, not to mention portraits and busts of the Du Barry herself, were carefully collected and installed. Little by little, the true aspect of the original Pavillon de Louveciennes took form and shape.

The tremendous effort of M. Coty to restore and preserve the name and home of Madame Du Barry is a typical effort of what many other fervent connoisseurs in France have attempted and succeeded in carrying out for the sake of the art and history of the country.

Alexander Watt

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

H.R.H. The Duke of Kent, K.G., President of the above Society, recently paid an informal visit to Fordham House, the London Hostel and Working Boys' Home adjoining the Society's Headquarters in Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2. H.R.H. was accompanied by Lord Herbert and they also made an inspection of the Offices of the Society. During his tour His Royal Highness saw the boys being trained for the shoemaking and tailoring trades at work in their shops. Among the many other activities which The Duke of Kent saw, were some boys who had just been rigged out in their sailor suits in readiness to join the Training Ship *Arethusa* later in the day. Just before the Duke left he saw the tables being laid for those boys who go out to work and would soon be returning for their midday meal. After making a thorough inspection of both the Hostel and the Offices, he expressed warm appreciation of the great work that the Society is carrying on there. During 1938, 45 boys were received at Fordham House from the Society's other branches who had reached leaving age and had no relatives or suitable homes to go to. These boys will be found good positions and will stay at the Hostel until they earn sufficient to leave the Society's care. Will you please send donations to help carry on this great work of maintaining and training 1,165 poor boys and girls? Legacies are urgently needed and donations should be sent to 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, from which address they will be gratefully acknowledged.

This England . . .

Melbury Beacon in Dorset

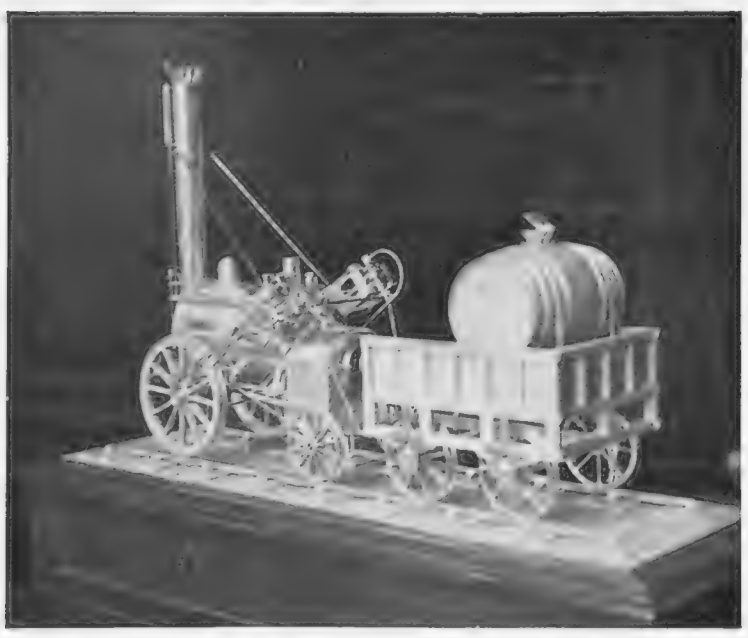
THE winter and rough weather that do still overset the ways of our civilisation bring to mind an ancient weather-saw for this time of Candlemas. The sixteenth-century rhyme runs: "If Candlemas-day be fair and bright, Winter will have another flight; But if Candlemas-day be clouds and rain, Winter is gone and comes not again". Another version beginning; "Foul weather is no news . . ." appears in the Country Almanack for February, 1676. A homely custom of the time was to light a candle on this day and make merry with good ale until it guttered out . . . which would seem to be an even surer wisdom. For to drink good ale of that old brewing—such as your Worthington—at this season of the year is to fortify yourself right well against the winter's worst.

. . . by Worthington

MECHANICAL WORLD

SKIDS TO ORDER: A novel apparatus for testing the skidding properties of road surfaces at high speeds, consisting of a powerful car to which is attached a trailer with the wheels set at an angle of 12 deg. carrying instruments recording the amount of friction between the wheels and the surface. These trials are being carried out by the Road Research Laboratory

FLAW-FINDING: In his laboratory in Massachusetts Professor Alfred V. de Forest spreads carbon powder on magnetised steel as part of his method of discovering faults in metals. The powder also shows up forging defects and, known as "Magna-Flux," won him the 1938 award of the Institute of Aeronautical Sciences



THE SILVER "ROCKET": This exquisite scale-model in silver of George Stephenson's masterpiece, the "Rocket," has been lent to the Institution of Mechanical Engineers (whose Founder-President Stephenson was) by the maker, Dr. J. Bradbury Winter. The builders of the "Rocket," Messrs. Robert Stephenson and Co., supplied copies of the original working drawings, and the model is therefore practically an exact replica in miniature of its famous prototype of 1829

A SPORTS CAR THAT IS SILENT

The 2-litre M.G. Which Combines Silkiness and Silence With Speed and Safety

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E. (Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

IN the mind of the average motorist mention of an M.G. car probably conjures up a small, low-built nippy vehicle with quite a decisive exhaust note. In consequence, if one were to suggest to the middle-aged or elderly driver that he should buy an M.G. the next time he was in the market for a car he would probably laugh and suggest the idea was absurd. I do want to impress, therefore, on readers that the M.G. Car Company, who have very imposing and efficient works at Abingdon-on-Thames, produce in these days cars which are eminently suitable for all types of drivers. Not so long ago, for a whole week I drove one of their 2-litre saloons and I found that although it retained many of the excellent qualities which originally made M.G.'s so famous, this 2-litre vehicle incorporates many features which will more than please the motorist who only wants to tour at a comparatively moderate speed.

The 2-litre M.G. is definitely a car with a character. The car's performance is more than interesting when it is remembered that the engine is well in what I might call the medium class. During the seven days that I drove the car I did not on any occasion drive over dry roads and so I have to confess that I did not get an opportunity of trying the car flat out. Frequently, however, the speedometer needle went past the 80 m.p.h. mark and certainly approached the 90 on the dial more than once. At those high speeds the engine appeared to go to sleep and the car handled like a thoroughbred.

With the judicious use of gears there is very good acceleration, and the brakes are definitely satisfactory and allow the driver, should he desire, to make full use of the power at his disposal. On the other hand, I found that the car was perfectly happy if I drove it, as I did on some days, so that the speedometer needle never exceeded 50 m.p.h. The engine remained just as silky and just as quiet as when higher speeds were being attained. Like the best sports cars to-day the exhaust is quiet and cannot possibly give offence to either the occupants of the car or to other road users.

One of the first things that tickled my fancy when I sat behind the steering-wheel was the position of the gear lever. It is placed centrally and consists of a short stubby chromium-plated rod topped with a black vulcanite knob. Not only was the position absolutely correct but this M.G. is one of the few cars which has the "knob" of the correct shape. Usually this part of the gear lever on which the driver's hand has to touch is shaped like an inflated horizontal biscuit. Why this is the case I cannot say, particularly as I found it always most uncomfortable and with frequent use it actually hurts. On the M.G. it is more like a sleeve placed over the top of the lever. True, it is only a small point but it serves to indicate that in all matters which contribute to the driver's comfort the manufacturers have spared no pains. The suspension is distinctly good and although it is designed to, and actually does, prevent body roll it is not too hard to make riding really uncomfortable.

As regards appearance I doubt if there is a more pleasing-looking car on the British roads to-day. From the rear the lines are just about as perfect as possible. Inside the body there is ample room and considering the size of the engine the dimensions of the inside of the body are surprising. The M.G. is, of course, one of the cars in the group controlled by Viscount Nuffield, but although mass production is one of the processes which he has perfected in many of his factories the M.G. is definitely what I might term "hand-built." In spite of this difference the price of the car is remarkably low, working out at below £400.

THE ARISTOCRAT: A Phantom III Rolls-Royce on which is mounted a sports limousine body by Hooper supplied to the order of Mr. Benjamin Guinness. The car is painted grey with a black moulding. The upholstery is in grey cloth

The Standard Motor Company, Ltd., of Coventry, have introduced what they claim to be the lowest-priced coupé at present sold in Great Britain. This type of body is now being fitted to their recently introduced 8-h.p. chassis, and is priced at £159.

The body, all-steel in foundation, has two wide doors which give ready access to the interior. The backs of both front seats tilt forward so that the two occupants in the rear can get in and out with the minimum of discomfort. The head can be easily operated by one person, and when the car is being used as an open model the hood folds back neatly, and when closed it is rendered taut by rigid chromium-plated elbow irons. It will be remembered that this 8-h.p. chassis is fitted with the new Standard independent front-wheel suspension.

Frequently as we drive along the road we overtake or meet coming in the opposite direction another car with one of its trafficators in the horizontal position when the driver of the vehicle in question has no reason to give any signal. He obviously is unaware of the misleading sign he is displaying and the problem is for other drivers, without stopping, to acquaint him of what is happening. The R.A.C. has suggested that the simplest way to convey the information to the erring driver would be for the pilot of the car who notices the trouble to operate his own indicator up and down three or four times in rapid succession. As a matter of fact, I think this suggestion has been adopted for a long time but it would be nice if it could be made official.

Sometimes the indicator arm sticks in the horizontal position or else the self-cancelling switch has ceased to function. The mechanism which operates the trafficators does require attention from time to time, even if it is only oiling the moving parts. I am afraid that the average driver ignores this part of his car until something goes wrong with the mechanism. The R.A.C. suggest that every two or three months, or if the arms become stiff at any time, the driver should raise each arm and by means of a brush, matchstick, or other suitable article, apply a drop of thin machine oil. It should be pointed out that any over-lubrication may affect the working of the operating mechanism. If at any time the arm fails to light up when in operation it should be raised and the bulb examined. In most trafficators it is quite a simple matter to replace the bulb, but, of course, one of the same size and power as originally fitted must be used.

The British Motor Race Promoters' Association, in conjunction with the Boy Scouts' Association, are organising a colossal "soap-box" Derby this year. In America the "soap-box" Derby is held at Akron each year and attracts about 50,000 spectators. Nothing like it has ever been organised in this country before, and so the competition is bound to attract much interest. It is open only to Boy Scouts, who must themselves build their cars, and the motive power must only be provided by their own legs.

There is every likelihood that the number of cars to be built will exceed 2,000, and the competition will consist of various heats, semi-finals, and a final. The heats will be run off in the various counties at suitable venues, but the semi-finals will take place at Brooklands, Crystal Palace, and Donington.

It is, of course, widely known that to park a car on a pedestrian crossing place is an offence, but the difficulties which already exist in connection with these crossings and motorists' strict observance of them, are sometimes aggravated by cars parked unnecessarily close to the crossings. The obstruction to the view of oncoming drivers which this creates, and the consequent danger both to motorists and pedestrians, are considerable. In view of the fact that this practice seems to be growing, the R.A.C. appeals to motorists to avoid, whenever possible, leaving their cars within a few yards of a crossing, particularly on the side from which traffic is approaching.

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NOTES FROM FAR AND NEAR

Many Empire Visitors Expected During the Summer: Italy's Healing Springs Worthy of Greater Renown

WHERE ANCIENT ROMANS TOOK THE WATERS and people from all parts of Europe still go to cure rheumatic ailments. A scene in the market place at Acireale, Sicily, showing the church of San Sebastiano in the background. Acireale, which has been largely rebuilt since the great earthquake of 1693, stands at the foot of Etna and has a superb winter climate

USUALLY this space is devoted to outward travel. This time I want to start with a note about people who are coming here. There are indications that we shall see considerable activity in travel from Australia during the summer, in fact, some are already on the way.

Cooks organise quite a big programme of tours in Europe for people from Australia and New Zealand, and send tour managers out from this country to bring the parties over. On the voyage they are shown something of Ceylon, and while the steamer is proceeding through the Suez Canal they are taken to Cairo, the Pyramids, and the Sphinx, going afloat again at Port Said.

The most comprehensive tour of Europe will start from London and occupy 87 days. The tourists will be taken through France, Switzerland, Germany, Italy, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Holland and Belgium, and then have six days in Paris, whence one of the excursions will be to the Somme battlefields and the Australian war memorial at Villers-Bretonneux. Then will follow a twenty-one-day tour by motor coach of England, Wales, and Scotland. This comprehensive tour, with the shore excursions on the voyage over, costs £230, and the tourists will certainly see a lot for their money.

In New Zealand about forty people have joined the party coming to London for a conference in May of the Associated Countrywomen of the World. They have been invited by Lord Bledisloe, former Governor-General of New Zealand, to spend a day at Lydney Park.

In May also a party of Empire farmers will be assembling in London, and their itinerary, organised by the same agency, naturally specialises in agricultural interests. After a tour of western Europe they will be in London for the centenary show of the Royal Agricultural Society in Windsor Great Park. Afterwards they will tour the United Kingdom, visiting, in addition to the well-known beauty spots, pedigree herds and flocks, agricultural colleges, and research stations.

Cannes.—The Riviera is often in our thoughts at this time of the year. We think of soothing sunshine, the blue sea, and the pleasing scent of orange, lemon and mimosa in the air. Cannes is this year celebrating the centenary of mimosa, which was introduced from San Domingo by a sea captain. The stony, permeable soil of the coast suited the tree, and a recent census taken in the region of Cannes revealed that the mimosa family there totals 215,000. Thousands of tons of blossom sprays are sent to European capitals every year, and it must have a very good sale in this country, for you seem to be able to get it at every florist's shop and from most of the street corner flower baskets.

I have seen some fine specimens of the tree growing in this country at Dunster Castle, in Somerset, and there is a large one in the open at Clyne Castle, near Swansea. Much nearer home one flourishes in an old orangery on a delightful estate at Bookham.

Writing of Cannes, I wonder if you have ever been out to St. Honorat, the smallest of the islands of Lerins. It is well worth a visit to see the early fifth-century Chapel of the Trinity, built in three parts like a shamrock leaf, and with a curious conical cupola. The chapel has just been restored and the adjoining monastery rebuilt.

DOWN IN PROVENCE: Poet Robert Nichols pays a visit to The Peasant Shop at Vence and discourses on pottery with Mrs. Crotch, uncrowned queen of the artists' colony in this old town in the vicinity of Nice

Italian Spas.—With so much art history and natural beauty Italy may not get all the attention she deserves by virtue of her healing springs, yet she has them in as great variety as any country in Europe. Those tough Romans of old must have been great diviners, and when you think of Bath you may be sure they made the most of the resources back in the Blighty of those days.

I want to mention two Italian spas, and they are quite a long way apart. The first is Salsomaggiore, a little village at the foot of the Apennines, which has come right to the front in recent times. It is reached by a detour from Via Emilia, between Milan and Bologna. The springs are tapped 2,000 ft. below the surface and conducted to baths used by as many as 3,000 people daily. The centre of the spa is the Royal Thermal Establishment and the waters have an international reputation for the cure of rheumatism and arthritis, skin diseases and for complaints of the respiratory organs. There is plenty of life in Salsomaggiore during the season from March to November, and the spa is in the heart of very attractive touring ground.

Now come to Sicily and journey 20 miles to the south of Taormina. There, protected from cold winds by Mount Etna and her companion heights, you will find Acireale, thriving in a climate which provokes roses to bloom throughout the year. Volcanic influences have given this town of 40,000 people curative springs for the treatment of many complaints, rheumatism among them. In such a lovely atmosphere the cure knows no seasonal limitations.

THE SWIMMING-POOL AT SALSOMAGGIORE is only one of the many delightful spots in this health resort of northern Italy. Like Acireale, which is also referred to on this page, the waters contain a large percentage of iodine. Salsomaggiore's season is from March to November

Penang.—A memorable experience for travellers in the East is the approach to the beautiful island of Penang which lies off the west coast of the Malay Peninsula. It is also known as Prince of Wales's Island, and has an area of not much more than 100 sq. miles. There are some lovely excursions in the island, and in the heat of the day it is well to make one to the health station on Penang Hill. A funicular goes most of the way and the last stage may be made by a curious tricycle with a wicker chair in front, and a sturdy Malay does the pedalling. For cooler houses there are delightful spots around the coast to visit and the islanders are very proud of their 43 miles of coast road.

The most famous temple in Malaya is in Penang. It is the Ayer Hitam Temple and Monastery.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following is a selection from recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

St. Maxime.—For your stay of about four weeks in the South of France from the middle of February we think you would find St. Maxime very suitable, especially for the children, as there are excellent sands and the resort would not be crowded at that time of the year. It is a small place, and none of the hotels is more than 200 yards from the sea. We suggest the Hotel de la Poste, which is quite near the Plage, and charges about 8s. per day for room and pension.

Estoril.—I would not recommend you to go by road, though I believe it can be done in case of necessity. There are direct sailings from Southampton, and you can, of course, take your car by steamer. The season has already commenced and is now approaching its height. The hotels are excellent. The biggest, the Pallacio, which has about 200 rooms, charges from 19s. 6d. to 50s. per day for room and pension. The Paris has 110 rooms and charges from about 9s. 6d. to 30s. per day. At the casino you can play baccarat, roulette, and other games to your heart's content.

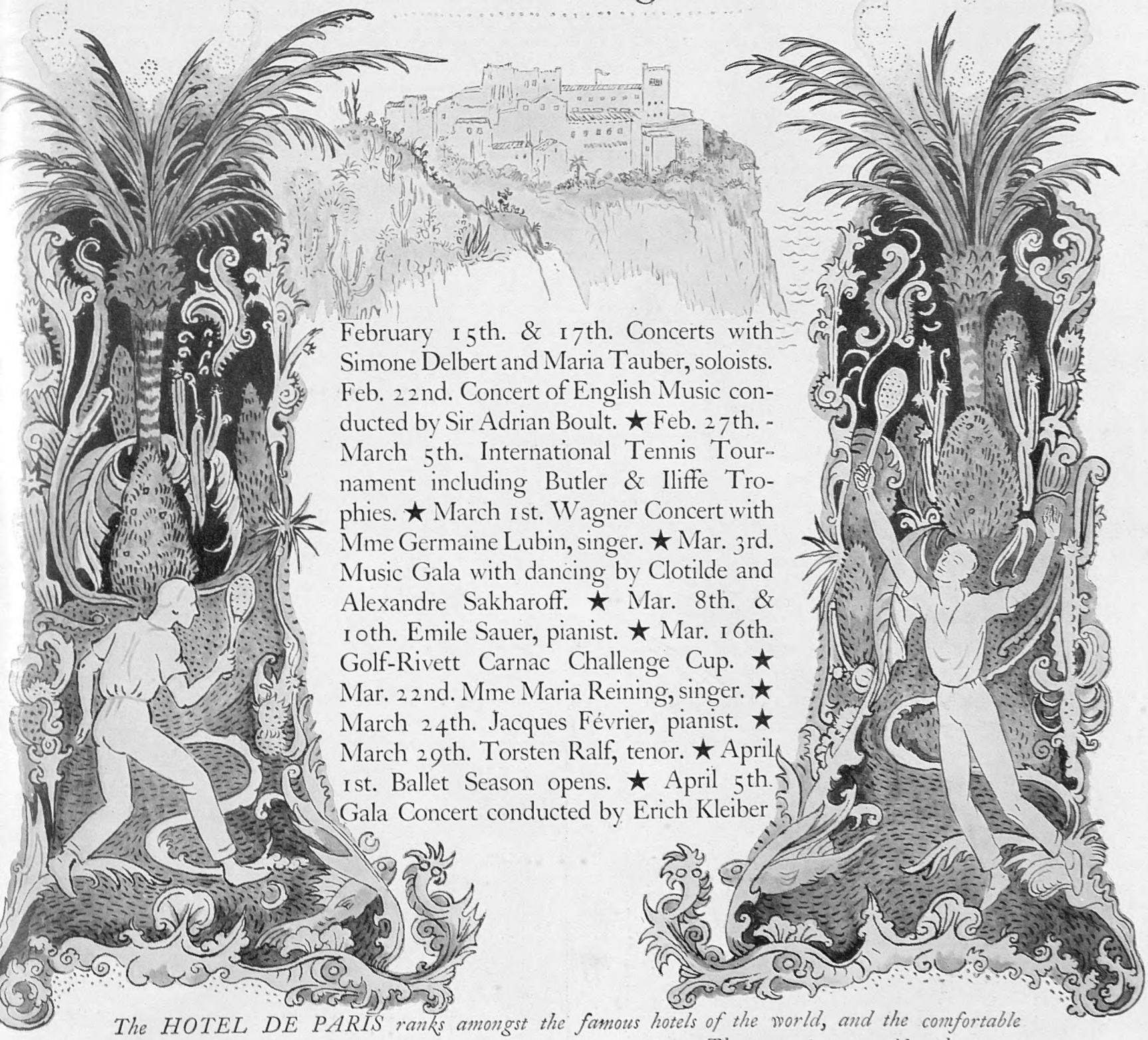
Poona.—The climate is temperate, and from June to September very pleasant indeed. The racecourse is one of the finest in the country, and during the racing season (August and September) it is visited by many thousands. Bombay is only 119 miles away, and the electric trains do the run very quickly, the *Deccan Queen*, for instance, taking only 2 hrs. 45 mins.

Beverley Brooke

MONTE CARLO

Winter season 1939

Some Outstanding Dates



February 15th. & 17th. Concerts with Simone Delbert and Maria Tauber, soloists. Feb. 22nd. Concert of English Music conducted by Sir Adrian Boult. ★ Feb. 27th. - March 5th. International Tennis Tournament including Butler & Iliffe Trophies. ★ March 1st. Wagner Concert with Mme Germaine Lubin, singer. ★ Mar. 3rd. Music Gala with dancing by Clotilde and Alexandre Sakharoff. ★ Mar. 8th. & 10th. Emile Sauer, pianist. ★ Mar. 16th. Golf-Rivett Carnac Challenge Cup. ★ Mar. 22nd. Mme Maria Reining, singer. ★ March 24th. Jacques Février, pianist. ★ March 29th. Torsten Ralf, tenor. ★ April 1st. Ballet Season opens. ★ April 5th. Gala Concert conducted by Erich Kleiber

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In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Sussex Seaside Towns and Villages Bask in the Path of the Sun : Ninety Miles of Pleasant Coastline

THE Sussex seaboard stretches itself complacently for 90 miles, mostly under the shelter of the South Downs. Secure in the knowledge that they have such sure protection from the north, Sussex coastal towns and villages bask in the path of the sun . . . and, in consequence, gain such an increasing coterie each year that it might seem that a day will come when the sounds of farm life will no longer be able to mingle with the swish of the waves.

Already there is little to divide Brighton and Littlehampton, a stretch of some 20 miles. But there are still districts where the National Trust have acquired sections of Downland, others where town planning has been put into effect; whilst in certain parts, nature has, by waterway and other obstacles to building, said, "So far and no farther."

It is fitting to borrow the historic rebuke of King Canute, for it was Bosham, which lies on one of the arms of Chichester harbour, that was supposed to be the scene of Canute's encounter with the incoming tide. But if Bosham is the "lion" of this Selsey peninsula, there are other places which because of their comparative inaccessibility are all the more to be desired. For example, there is Itchenor, which can be reached from Bosham by pedestrian ferry, but by car you must take the Witterings road from Chichester, and resisting one's curiosity to visit such attractive-sounding places as Appledran and Dell Quay keep on the Witterings road until you sight a signboard "Itchenor Only" and "Pedestrian Ferry to Bosham."

About a mile and a half farther on you will arrive at this oasis of peace. In winter there will be little stirring, but as spring draws nearer and days lengthen there will be sounds of much scraping and tarring, for Itchenor is a great little sailing headquarters, being one of the starting off points for the largest and safest inland sailing waterway in Great Britain—Chichester Harbour.

Here is a superb holiday centre, be it only for a week-end, for those who would be away from the beaten track. There is little of Itchenor itself. The Ferry House, the Customs House, a church reputed to be the second oldest in England, the "local," and the old rectory, now a guest-house which rejoices in the name of Appleshaw.

Here is a "find," and one that is all the more pleasurable because Major Menzies and his wife have travelled much. From Bulawayo to Belle-Isle-en-Mer, from India to Itchenor they have had much experience of hotels, inns, guest-houses, and noting ever what was best in each, they have used it to create their own, and your own, home in Appleshaw. If the name were not such a charming one I should re-christen the house and paint on the sign-board the legend *aux petits soins*. Moreover, somebody is a very good cook.

From the windows of Appleshaw one can see the old racing stables of the Dukes of Richmond, and hard by is a spot where they used to take their "dip" in sea-water, specially heated for the purpose! The creek is, in fact, only a few hundred yards away, and anyone who is keen on sailing will find a snug berth both for himself and for his craft. I suspect, too, that round about you might flush an occasional snipe or wild duck.

And beyond that? Itchenor just radiates restfulness and I came away more and more convinced that an essential part of one's apprenticeship for being able to run a really first-class guest-house or small hotel is the experience gained by travel.

Whilst Major and Mrs. Menzies are giving expression to their ideals at Appleshaw, three miles away at East Wittering, within sound of the sea, lies the Shore Hotel. Here Captain and Mrs. Newman are attracting that small but discriminating public who can distinguish between what is "paying through the nose" and paying for what is uncommonly good value. "Quiet luxury at the edge of the sea" well epitomises the characteristics of the Shore Hotel.

Though East Wittering itself may at first offend the eye with its lack of town-planning, the Shore is the perfect seaside hotel for those who do not desire a town and its talkies. If sands, sea, and sunshine are the essential trio, then I enthusiastically commend you to the Shore Hotel as a perfect retreat embedded in homely luxury. But for the moment patience must be exercised. The Shore closes for the winter months and reopens its doors at the beginning of April.

"Finds" such as I have described rarely come singly. One may go for days and meet disappointment. But on the day I ran to earth Appleshaw, Itchenor, and the Shore Hotel, East Wittering, I stumbled on a newly-opened guest-house, Chessils, at Flansham, near Bognor.

Here is another instance of a place which lies just off the beaten track, yet so near to such holiday essentials as good bathing, good tennis, and good golf. To find Chessils, which interpreted means "little stones," take the main Littlehampton–Bognor road and shortly after bearing right where a secondary road leads on to Middleton, you will come to a sharp left-hand bend with a signless road leading straight on. Take this road and within a few yards on the left you will see the name on the wall, Chessils. Go in and be welcomed in.

Unspoilt, secluded, and mellowed, here is a home indeed for those who want something rather different to an hotel or the ordinary guest-house. I can visualise the tired business or professional man looking forward to Friday night and Chessils. A two-hour run from town, a bath, a good dinner, and then the sanctuary of a bedroom where the only noise may be the hoot of an owl on night patrol.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32–34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

BOSCOMBE 1234 ?

Is that Mr. James Millar speaking? His son? Oh, yes. Well, I am just ringing up from Glasgow to ask if I can have that same lovely room with balcony overlooking Bournemouth Bay. Similar one? Good! Reserve it from next week-end, please. It *will* be nice to get into a warm and sunny climate again. Perhaps you too would like to ring or write James Millar.

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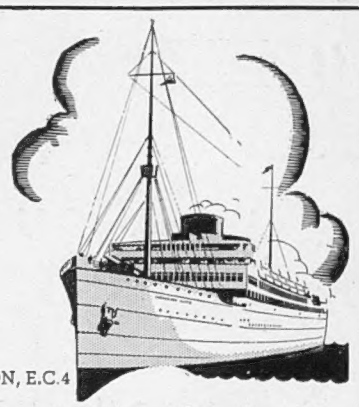

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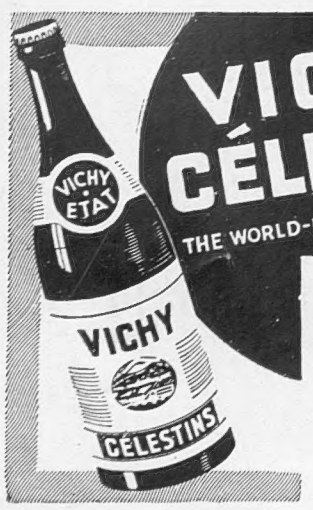

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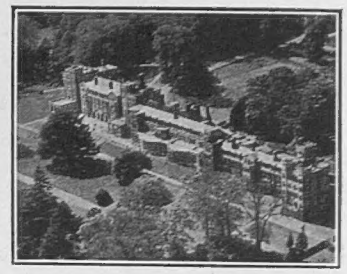

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THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Barton Mills (Nr. Bury St. Edmunds).—Bull Inn.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Boscastle (Corn.).—Welltown Manor Guest Hse.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal Hotel.
Bray-on-Thames.—Hinds Head Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brighton (Saltdean).—Ocean Hotel.
Bromley.—Sundridge Park Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold House Hotel.
Chislehurst.—Heatherbank Hotel.
Dorchester (Dorset).—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.)—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel. Telephone 2666.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Hailsham (Sussex).—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—Prospect Hotel.**** Tel. 3015.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Ruan-High-Lanes (S. C'nwall).—Pendower Htl.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—The Royal Glen Hotel. Phone: 221
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Torquay.—Palace Hotel. Tel. 2271.
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.

ENGLAND—*continued*

Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Torquay.—Vernon Court Hotel. Tel. 2676.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

LONDON

Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Bryan House, Blackheath, S.E.3.
Hans Crescent Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl.W.8. Wes. 8121
S.Kensington Htl.,Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.

SCOTLAND

Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—New Carlton Hotel.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

WALES

Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

BELGIUM.

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FRANCE.

Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais.—Highest class quiet residential hotel in large park. "Going to Cannes means staying at the Anglais."

Cannes.—Hotel Grande Bretagne.—Sunny park, motor ser., casino, golf links, bridge rm. Pen. terms fm. 12/6 & 15/-, or 4 Gns. & £5 wkly.

Cannes.—Hotel Montfleury.—Large Park Manager: G. Tamme.

Cannes.—Hotel Regina.—First-class Family Hotel. Sunny Park. Near Croisette and Tennis. Moderate terms.

Cap Martin.—Cap Martin Htl.—Free bus ser. with Monte Carlo & Menton. Tennis. Swim. pl. 15 acres pr. pk. Inc. fr. 120 f. With bath fr. 140 f.

Monte Carlo.—Le Grand Hotel.—350 Rooms. 280 Bathrooms. Entirely Renovated. Open all the year. Central. Opposite new Sporting Club.

Monte-Carlo.—Hotel Prince de Galles.—Strictly first-class. Beautiful garden. Magnificent view. Moderate terms.

Nice.—Atlantic Hotel.—First-class. 200 rooms. Close sea & casino. Own gar. Mod. trms. Conv. headquarters for Riviera. Swiss management.

GERMANY.

Bad Gastein.—Grand Hotel.—Gasteinerhof.—Sunniest htl. 1st cl. 180 bedr'ms. Pens. fr. RM.9. Patr. by English society. Open in winter too.

Garmisch-Partenkirchen.—Bavarian Alps.—**Park Hotel. "Alpenhof."**—Ldg Hotel in best cent. sit. Evy. cmft. Prosp. Prop.: Hanns Kilian.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perfect hotel-building. Select home of international Society and Aristocracy.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-cl. family hotel. 300 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 9.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World-rnd. Finest pos. opp. Park & Opera, Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. 12 Mks.

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Funchal.—Hotel Victoria.—Op. Csno. Bdrms. h. & c., very centl. Frm 10/6 incl. Under the supervsn of the proprs. Cables-Comfort, Funchal.

SWITZERLAND.

Arosa. — Valsana Sporthotel. — First class. Gay centre of Arosa. Original "Alaska saloon." Dancing. Inclusive terms.

Davos.—Palace Hotel.—Nr. world-renowned Parsenn run & Strela Skilift. Rooms fm. S. Frs. 7. Full board fm. S. Frs. 17. W. Holsboer, Man.

Grindelwald.—The Bear.—The Gay Sports and Social Centre. Your Headquarters. Inclusive terms from 16/-, including tea.

Gstaad (Bernese Oberland).—Grand Htl. Alpina.' Skiers' Paradise. First class fam. hotel. Won. sitn. Incl. terms from Fr. 14. E. Burri, Prop.

Gstaad.—Bernerhof.—Typical Swiss Hotel in Bernese Oberland. Noted for food and comfort. Winter Sports. Topping band. Terms 13–17 frs.

Klosters-Parsenn (Switzerland).—The Sport Hotel Silvretta.—For charm, atmosphere and good company.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms; all inclusive, from £4.0.0.

Lenzerheide (Grisons) Grand Hotel Kurhaus. 1st. cl. 200 beds. Leading English fam. hotel. Sunniest pos. Every entertainment. Mod. terms.

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St. Moritz.—Badrutt's Palace Hotel. Host of the Elite. Season till end of March.

St. Moritz.—Savoy Hotel.—1st cl. fam. hotel. quiet central position, lake view. Pen. S. frs. 16. Attached: Savoy Bar—Dancing, open all night.

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